McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. [illegible], Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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IT WAS A BIG FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL SUCCESS

The Fourth Annual McKean County Fair and Races.

ENORMOUS CROWD BRADFORD DAY

The Horse Racing was the Best Ever —Motorcycle Race Makes a Hit— The Big Parade—Managers and Everyone Else Pleased.

The fourth annual fair and races of the McKean County Fair Assn. are over and it can all be summed up by saying that it was a great big success in every way. Thousands of people from all over the county came, saw and went away well pleased. The attendance and support given by the people was all that the managers expected and they feel thankful to them for their hearty support. Financially the association is about $600 or thereabouts, which sum will be used toward liquidating debts contracted when this organization was less fortunate.

This assures another fair next year and every year thereafter so long as it receives the support of the people. No stockholder in this association ever expects to make a dollar out of this venture, and we have been assured that as soon as the debts are paid any surplus which may arise will be put back into improvements in order to make this fair better every year.

THURSDAY.

This was Bradford Day and marked the largest attendance the fair has ever enjoyed. The grounds from the gates to the stables were thronged with people and it is conservatively estimated that there were at least 8000 people on the grounds. Others claimed that there were fully 12,000 people there, which is perhaps high, but not as exaggerated as the claims put forth by the managers of other fairs in this section. After going over the ticket sales with the secretaries we think it is safe to say that 8000 is a low estimate. The day was perfect and everybody thoroughly enjoyed every minute. The racing could not have been better, many lovers of the sport saying it was the best they had seen in years.

The first race was the 2:22 trot, purse $300, which was won in three straight by Mary J., a black mare owned by J. Johnson of Buffalo and driven by Baker, after John Gates had taken the first. There were seven starters in this race and it was one of the most hotly contested races ever pulled off on this track. Summary:

Mary J., by Chimes
J. Johnson, Buffalo, N. Y. 3 4 1 1
John Gates,
Bert Patcheon, Olean, N. Y. 1 3 3 3
Kecon, by Arion
S. Lyman, Lockport, N. Y. 2 2 2 4
Isaac,
C. C. Nackon, Cohocton, N. Y. 7 4 4 2
Della Fisk, by Charley Fish
George Sykes, Buffalo, N. Y. 4 5 6 5
Dota Greenwood, by Country Baron
D. Cobb, Coudersport, Pa. 5 6 5 6
Almira, by Elmido
L. L. Watson, Bradford, Pa. 6 d
Time 2:19¼, 2:21¼, 2:21¼, 2:20¼.

The second race was the 2:20 trot and 2:17 pace, mixed, purse $300, and was another beautiful race, with an exciting finish in every heat. Lera C., owned and driven by J. G. Cheeseboro of Wellsville took the first two heats but she could not stand the strain and the race went to Bryan Wilkes owned by O. N. Parker of Wellsville and driven by Erskin, in the next three heats. Summary:

Bryan Wilkes, by Baron Wilkes
O. N. Parker, Wellsville 5 6 1 1 1
Lera C., by Gen. Willington
J. G. Cheeseboro, Wellsville 1 1 3 3 3
May Queen, by Venture
Pat Mulqueen, Bradford 2 3 2 5 5
Lady Grace, by Burbon Patchen
S. Lyman, Lockport, N. Y. 4 2 4 4 2
Sabrino, by Nelson
Oliver Cavatina, Buffalo 3 4 5 2 4
Magic Chimes, by Chimes
Knox & Bensted, Buffalo 6 5 6 d
Time 2:19½, 2:19¼, 2:18¼, 2:20½, 2:20¼

The third and last race was a half-mile run for a purse of $125 in which there were six starters. Sandy took the first heat and Yardarm the *second* and these two winners went another heat to decide the race, Yardarm winning by a close margin. Summary:

Yardarm,
Reynolds, Union Springs, N.Y. 1 3 1
Sandy,
R. G. Kelley, Hornell, N. Y. 3 1 2
Gay Lord,
G. H. Besch, Kenmore, N. Y. 2 2
Sumerville,
A. Gardner, Genesee, N. Y. 4 4
Kitty B.,
Stephen Lucas, DuBois, Pa. 5 5
Julia G.,
F. Dodds, Lester, N. Y. 6 6
Time 56, 55, 58 sec.

Owing to the time taken up in these races it was too late to pull off the hurdle race, but everybody was satisfied that they had had their money's worth.

FRIDAY.

As a rule the last day does not amount to much at fairs but this was an exception to that rule. The 3000 people who were present had fully as good a day's sport as any during the week.

One of the best features of the day was the automobile and stock parade which took place on the track shortly after one o'clock. The parade made a magnificent appearance and brought forth rounds of applause from the grand stand. It consisted of eleven autos handsomely decorated, numerous carriage teams and single rigs and all the prize winning horses and cattle exhibited at the fair.

There were four races on the program which, together with the hurdle race postponed from Thursday, made a big afternoon's sport. The first race was the 2:30 pace for a $300 purse, which was won by Frank Hall owned and driven by Cliff Houghton of Bradford in straight heats. Summary:

Frank Hall, by Brown Hall
Cliff Houghton, Bradford, Pa. 1 1 1
Gurness Girl, by Membrino K.
M. T. Renolds, Waterloo, N. Y. 2 2 2
Fred Warner, by Chas. Sumner
Chas. Olcott, Buffalo, N. Y. 3 3 4
Hermes Patchen, by Patchens
E. Baker, Buffalo, N. Y. 4 4 3
Best time 2:24¼.

The second race was the county race for a purse of $50 in which there were three starters. Mayfield took the first heat after which Stoney, owned by D. O. Forman of Bradford, took the next three. The distance was one-half mile. Summary:

Stoney, by Stone Wall
D. C. Forman, Bradford, Pa. 3 1 1 1
Mayfield, by Cattawa
W. R. Rogers, Olean, N. Y. 1 3 2 3
Harry,
William Hall, Eldred, Pa. 2 2 3 2
Best time 1:11.

In the half-mile running race with four starters Gay Lord won the first and third heats and the race. Summary:

Gay Lord,
G. H. Besch, Kenmore, N. Y. 1 2 1
Yardarm,
Reynolds, Union Springs, N. Y. 3 1 2
Sandy,
R. G. Kelley, Hornell, N. Y. 2 3
Kitty B.,
Stephen Lucas, DuBois, Pa. 4 4
Best time 51¼ sec.

The half-mile hurdle race was won by Parker in straight heats. Summary:

Parker,
A. Gardner, Mt. Morris, N. Y. 1 1
Sandy,
L. H. Rogers, Groveland, N. Y. 2 2
Julia G.,
H. B. Dodds, Mosch, N. Y. 3 3
Sumerville,
H. V. Colt, Genesee, N. Y. 4 4
Best time 1:10½.

The most exciting race of the day was the motorcycle race in which there were four entries. It was the first motorcycle race ever held on this track but it is safe to say that it will not be the last. The distance was four miles and the best time was for the race was five minutes and 37 seconds and the fastest mile was made in 1:20. The race was won by Judson Sheldon of Bradford. J. Devlin of Foster township was second and J. O. Wirt of Smethport third. Ernest Hamilton of Smethport also started but something went wrong with his machine and he was obliged to drop out of the race.

An Excellent Attraction.

To the average music lover the performance Thursday evening of "The Barber of Seville" by the John Dunsmure Opera Co., at the Smethport Lyceum, was a rare treat. It is seldom if ever that such a well balanced company visits a town of this size.

While every member of the company possessed an excellent and well trained voice, Mme. Baldini and Mr. Dunsmure deserve special mention.

Mme. Baldini is at her very best in the character of Rosina, and she executes the difficult passages with ease and brilliancy.

Mr. Dunsmure is a very funny comedian, whose grotesque make-up causes laughter every time he appears. He has an exceedingly fine bass voice, of great power. He made a big hit with the audience in "The Cellarer's Toast," by DeKoven, receiving three encores.

The violin playing of Jacques Kingsbergen was one of the chief attractions of the evening. He is an artist of high rank.

Should Mr. Dunsmure and his excellent company again visit Smethport he will undoubtedly be greeted with a crowded house.

Art Embroidery.

Miss Laura Straight has on exhibit at Mrs. Frank Sartwell's, King St., a very fine line of Art Embroidery. She invites you to see her exclusive patterns for waists, cushions, centers, towels, etc. A few days only.

I want to buy some chickens.

O. H. GLEASON.

FIRE AT EAST SMETHPORT.

Car of Charcoal Burned—Chemical Works' Threatened.

At a little before 11 o'clock Saturday evening every resident of this borough was aroused by an alarm of fire given by the whistle at the Chemical Works at East Smethport, which was repeated at the hose house and it was soon reported that the above named factory was on fire.

On account of the scarcity of water and the dry condition of everything the worst was feared and it was not long before nearly every able-bodied man in town was hurrying to the scene, ready to lend any assistance possible to those whose property was in danger. The hose company responded quickly and made a hard run. However, by the time they had reached the Pennsylvania railroad tracks it was learned that the fire was in a car of charcoal back of the factory, and the report was given out that the employes and East Smethport people had it under control. The tired hose boys therefore returned with their apparatus to the hose house and to their respective homes.

The fire fighters had no more than got nicely in bed when another alarm came from the same source and this with the constant shrieking of other whistles again aroused everyone. Another hard run was made with the hose carts and fire engine and this time there was work for the boys. It was the same car of charcoal, but had got such a start that help was needed to keep the flames from spreading to other property.

A connection was made in the little stream running down by the factory and the engine set to work. Everything worked very satisfactorily with the engine and the hose boys made short work of the fire, confining it to the car which was past saving.

The loss is slight and probably amounts to $300 or $400, which is very fortunate considering the amount of property that was in danger in such a dry time.

Kernan-Parsons Nuptials.

Miss Flora E. Parsons, daughter of Mrs. Lois Parsons of Bradford, and Mr. Peter J. Kernan of South Orange, N. J., were united in marriage at the parlors of the Grand Central hotel, this borough, at high noon on Monday, September 21, 1908, Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, performing the ceremony.

The bride was attended by Miss Edith McGuier as maid of honor, and Richard Kernan, brother of the groom, acted as best man. The marriage was witnessed by only the immediate relatives and Mr. and Mrs. McGuier, who are very close friends of the bride. After the ceremony the bridal party were served a sumptuous dinner in the private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Kernan will reside in South Orange after their honeymoon tour.

The bride is a former Smethport girl, having spent most of her school days in this place, where she made many warm friends who wish her a long life of wedded happiness. The groom, although unknown to the writer, is spoken of as a man who is deserving of the charming bride he has won.

The Barrett Murder Mystery.

The writer was informed this morning that considerable progress has been made during the past week in clearing up the Barrett murder mystery and that one or more arrests may be made before the end of the week.

A detective has been working on the case for some time and is reported to have picked up some important evidence. Yesterday two members of the gang who have been under suspicion were brought before the detective and district attorney and put through the sweating process. Nearly all day was taken up in the examination of the two but what was learned has not been made public.

The only information the writer was able to get was the assurance that some clues had been found and that it would not be long before this mystery would be cleared up.

Forest Fires.

Forest fires in this county have done a great deal of damage during the past week and are still raging. However the damage is very small in comparison to that of previous years. The diligent work of hundreds of men, together with the green foliage, has done much toward retarding the flames and thousands of dollars' worth of property has been saved that would have been destroyed had the fires come in such a dry spell after the leaves had fallen.

In the west thousands of acres of timber land have been seriously damaged by forest fires and the damage will run well into the millions.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdvelnt.

STATE LEAGUE MEETING.

The Twentieth Annual Meeting of the State League of Republican Clubs —Hon. R. P. Hapgood Elected President.

The 20th annual meeting of the State League of Republican clubs, which closed a three days session at Wilkes-Barre Friday afternoon, was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held. It marked the opening of the Republican campaign in the Keystone state, and from now on, in all sections of the state, there will be an active campaign waged which will not cease until the last ballot has been cast on November 3rd. There will be an earnest effort put forth to elect every candidate on the ticket.

When President Habgood called the meeting to order in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A., on Wednesday afternoon there were 111 clubs represented by upwards of 600 earnest Republicans, who had come from all sections of the state for the purpose of participating in the opening of the campaign. Several speeches were made and the reports of the officers received, President Habgood reported that twelve new clubs had been organized during the present year, and that the prospects for many more before the campaign ended was very bright.

In the evening a parade was formed which was a mile and a half long, and marched to the armory, where the speech making was made and the opening guns of the campaign fired. There were a notable array of speakers on the platform, including, as they did, Hon. James A. Sherman, the Republican candidate for vice president, Hon. Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, O., Senator Penrose and Hon. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia. There were fully 5,000 people in the hall with as many outside who were unable to gain admission, when President Habgood called the meeting to order and introduced Mr. Sherman, the first speaker. Mr. Sherman's address was listened to with close attention as he outlined the position of the Republican party in the present campaign. His comparisons of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan were keen and to the point. The speaker made a most favorable impression by the soundness of his arguments. Hon. Nicholas Longworth followed, and as he arose he received an ovation which lasted several minutes. He made a "hit" from the start and his address was most favorably received. He devoted his time in comparing the versatility of Bryan and the stability of Taft. One with policies as shifting as the sands of the sea, the other as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. Hon. Bois Penrose, senior senator of the state came next, and the ovation he received at the hands of the vast concourse of people demonstrated far better than words the great hold he has on the citizenship of the state. It was nearly twelve o'clock before the speech making was over.

The distinguished guests were frank in their acknowledgment of their surprise and gratification over the splendid reception given and the enthusiasm manifested on all sides. It was indeed a fitting opening of the campaign in the state, typifing in a marked degree the sentiment of Republicans.

Thursday morning the session was largely attended and after speeches and the report of the resolution committe, the election of officers was taken up and Hon. R. P. Habgood of Bradford was unanimously elected to the position of president, an honor which any man might well feel proud of. Despite the assertions of those who are not friendly to Mr. Habgood, we desire at this time to state that Republicans of McKean county should feel honored and should exert every effort in re-electing him to the assembly, where his influence will be still greater. It is an honor any county may well feel proud of and the Republican congratulates him over his victory.—Kane Republican.

Mr. Sheatz's New Bond.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

State Treasurer John O. Sheatz has taken a long step in the right direction by preparing a new form of bond for State sureties. The new requirements of bondsmen put them in the way for criminal as well as financial responsibility.

The first effect of the new form will be to impress upon bondsmen the liability they are assuming. The second will be to secure for the State officers absolute assurance of the financial ability of offering sureties. And finally the State will have recourse in criminal prosecution of any who falsely represent their financial standing.

This reform may well be regarded as of the utmost importance—as superior even to the act governing depositories and requiring payment of interest.

The plan is distinctly a credit to Treasurer Sheatz. His handling of the State funds has justified the confidence of the voters who elected him and this movement to increase the safety of public deposits marks him as a progressive Treasurer.

It is much better than the issuing of sensational statements at critical junctures during State campaigns.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Hon. F. D. Councilman's Narrow Escape.

On Thursday morning last, just after the MINER had gone to press, the editor received a post card on which was the picture of a horribly wrecked automobile and the following note from Hon. F. D. Councilman, member of the Legislature from Potter county: "This is what I have left after being hit by a fast express, drawn by two engines, running sixty miles an hour. I was at the wheel when the crash came."

The fact that he had written the card himself was assurance that our friend was not seriously injured, but we were pleased to learn later from Frank E. Baldwin, Republican candidate for State Senator, that Mr. Councilman had escaped with only slight bruises, which seems little short of miraculous after looking at the picture of the wrecked car. The following account of the accident is taken from the Port Allegany Reporter:

On Monday morning, September 14th, Hon. F. D. Councilman had a narrow escape from death. He was out in the early morning for a spin in his automobile and as he approached the crossing of the Pennsylvania railroad at Sizerville, the eight-thirty flyer crashed into his automobile, smashing it into kindling wood. Mr. Councilman was thrown to the ground and by what seems almost a miracle escaped serious injury. The train was running at the rate of sixty miles an hour and Mr. Councilman as well as others who were standing near the crossing say that no whistle was sounded to notify them of its approach, but that in a flash, without warning, it was upon him, the machine ruined and himself thrown out. Except for bad bruises Mr. Councilman escaped without serious injury. The flyer does not stop at Sizerville and it seems that on this particular morning it went whizzing by without lessening its speed. Mr. Councilman is representative for the county in the Pennsylvania legislature and the proprietor of the well-known Sizerville Sanitarium and health resort. He has many friends throughout the county who will be rejoiced at his fortunate and marvelous escape.

"Ben-Hur" at Bradford Oct. 1, 2 & 3.

Many theatre parties are being formed to visit Bradford to see Klaw & Erlanger's mammoth production of "Ben-Hur," at the new Bradford theatre in that city on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, Oct. 1, 2 and 3, with a matinee on Saturday, Oct. 3. Those intending to witness this spectacle should make seat preparations as soon as possible in order to secure good locations.

"Ben-Hur," with its lustrous Star of Bethlehem, its camels, Arabian steeds, Oriental trappery and minute splendor of the gorgeous East, is beyond doubt, the most elaborate spectacle ever staged in the history of the world. Its series of seventeen scenes present to the eye a feast of multifarious beauty and variety all set to a symphonic accompaniment of graceful music. The exciting episodes, such as the galley scene with its horde of chained slaves, the sea fight, the rescue in mid-sea, the thrilling race with its quadruple teams of galloping horses, combined with the picturesque scenes representing the appearance of the Star to the Wise Men in the desert, the moonlit lake in the Orchard of Palms, where Ben-Hur and Iras make love while drifting in the barge of the fair Egyptian, the palm-waving worshippers on the Mount of Olives, and the Grove of Daphne with its nymphs dancing in the skins of beasts to the music of the kissing cymbols, simply captivate the great audiences that are nightly in attendance wherever it is being enacted.

As now arranged and staged by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, the public sees a great spectacle which appeals not merely on the strength of its dramatic values, but as a colossal and picturesque pageant. Where before there were fifty dancers in the revels there will now be one hundred, and where before there were one hundred men and women in the throng that goes forth from Jerusalem to meet the Savior, there will be two hundred. And in the chariot race the scene which, coupled with the popularity of General Wallace's book, gave the play its enormous vogue, eight horses, aided by the most intricate mechanisms will produce the prodigious illusion of the struggle for victory in the arena of the Circus of Antioch. Edgar Stillman Kelley's brilliant musical score, which so heightens the dignity and solemnity of the Biblical narrative and was one of the most potent factors in its success, is made a dominant feature of the present production, being interpreted by a special orchestra and chorus carried by the company for that purpose.

Seats for the "Ben-Hur" engagement will be placed on sale at the New Bradford theatre box-office Monday, Sept. 28. Prices range from 50c to $2.00. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

It is understood that the men of Lee's army are to be paroled and allowed to return to their homes. They gave up everything in their hands, but last night they destroyed a large amount of property in the shape of wagons, gun carriages, baggage, papers, etc. The number of Lee's forces is put down at about twenty thousand men. Very few guns are in their possession, as they have abandoned nearly all they did not lose in action. Thirty-eight were brought in yesterday, and several this morning.

The rank and file of Lee's army are said to be well satisfied to give up the struggle, believing that they have no hope of success, but if Gen. Lee has refused to surrender they would still have stuck to him. The officers mainly are surly and discontented, but this feeling will soon wear off, when they find how liberally our people are disposed to treat them.

Another letter from the army of the Potomac, dated April 12th, says: The final arrangements for the surrender of Lee's army were completed yesterday, and to-day they are at liberty to proceed to their homes or elsewhere, as they choose. The terms granted were certainly of a very liberal character. A large number of officers, together with thousands of men of this army, express their dissatisfaction, not only at the unprecedented liberality granted to the army of Northern Virginia, but at the manner in which they were paroled and allowed to go their way, without our men being permitted to enjoy the results of their *long struggle* in the passage through the lines of Gen. Lee and his army; but it is claimed this would have been humiliating to Gen. Lee and his officers, and that it is not the wish or desire of our government or commanders to act toward them in any way that would irritate their feelings or make their position more intolerable than it actually is. The policy pursued may have been for the best, and our soldiers will submit, as they always do, to what is judged most wise. During Sunday night and Monday large numbers of rebels, as well as some officers, made their escape from the lines and scattered through the woods, many, no doubt, intending to return home. Our camps last night were filled with them, begging something to eat, which, of course was freely given. These men, when asked if they had been paroled, favorably replied "No," but were allowed to go where they pleased.

The number Gen. Lee claimed to be given up was about 10,000 muskets with as many more men for the commissionary, quartermaster's, hospital, and other departments that the officers who have been permitted to pass through their camps assert that not more than seven or eight thousand will be found to have been surrendered. The cavalry operating with Lee was also turned over, but only a small force, with broken down horses, could be found, report stating that the best had been picked out and sent to Johnston. The number of guns taken were thirty, with from three to four hundred wagons, very little ammunition and no supplies. As an evidence of the state of their commissary, when they reached Farmville, the residents tell us that they had been issuing ears of corn to men for several days previous, but that a train from Lynchburg met them there with flour and pork. Out of some two thousand horses turned over to us, not more than two hundred were found to be worth a single ration of forage for each.

Commissioner Ould and Assistant Commissary Hatch were captured on their way from Richmond toward Danville, and brought into camp on Sunday. They had a large southern express wagon, filled with cigars, liquors and other luxuries, and by some understanding were allowed to go into Lee's lines. They returned last evening, and are said to have gone to Richmond on some business connected with the exchange question. Orders were issued last evening for a movement of troops now here. The 2nd and 6th corps are to start this morning for Burkesville Junction, the cavalry and 24th corps to go towards Danville, while the 5th will remain to take possession of and bring away the property and effects of Lee's army. The trains are now running to Burkesville Junction, but the road being in a rather shaky condition, not much regularity is as yet attainable for the time being.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 19, 1908:

G. M. Best, George F. Embly, Ernest Frazier, Mrs. Ida Fitch.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

The Confidential Clerk.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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GEORGE BLAKE was a sort of confidential secretary for old Lemuel Pettus, the money lender. Everybody knows Pettus. He is not averse to a certain sort of publicity. Three or four times a year he permits himself to be interviewed at some length and held up to the young as an example of thrift, integrity and other virtues. He has a favorite interview for early summer on the folly and wastefulness of vacations, and it must be ranked among the happiest achievements of unconscious humor, for it is based upon the serious conviction that the most worthy object of human ambition is to become a narrow, scheming, selfish skinflint like Lemuel Pettus.

Blake was nearly forty and had been in the employ of Pettus for fifteen years.

In the course of his connection with Pettus Blake had become like an old man. His life was dry as dust. He had been rather a handsome fellow, with an excellent figure and carriage, but now he was thin and shambling in gait, and his clothes were almost as shabby as Pettus'. He was a fine example of the advantages of the no vacation habit.

Pettus never took any chances. He always had two dollars' worth of unimpeachable collateral for every dollar that he put out. The reader who is familiar with such phases of life will not be surprised to learn that Blake, who existed in this atmosphere of [illegible], was himself a reckless investor. He could save and sometimes make a little money, but he could not keep it. At the time of the event which forms the subject of [illegible] a [illegible] which was nothing but a [illegible]

[illegible]

rather hard circumstances, and Blake felt vaguely [illegible] had gone [illegible] of which he owned one half. With an awesome

[illegible] AMY [illegible]

[illegible] that night [illegible] New York [illegible]

[illegible] low in his [illegible] found [illegible] remarkable [illegible] looked like [illegible] Napoleon [illegible] conscious [illegible] resembled [illegible] an office of [illegible] common with [illegible] pretty [illegible]

[illegible] one day Blake appeared in [illegible]

"I hear," said he to Blake after receiving the report, "that you have become interested in a young woman."

"Yes, sir," responded Blake. "I am engaged to Miss Amy Lessing."

For years Pettus had had Blake under his thumb and had very nearly squeezed the human soul out of him, but all this had now become a pale figure on tapestry, and Amy Lessing was the one living reality and central influence of all creation. Pettus did not know this, and he proceeded to deliver a lecture against designing women. This is not regarded in polite society as the most delicate response to the announcement of a gentleman's engagement, but Pettus was a cad. His first thought was that this marriage would destroy Blake's usefulness to him, for he would never dare to trust a married man with the valuable secrets which he had been accustomed to permit his confidential clerk to know.

Blake endured a considerable length of this discourse from a mere habit of humility, the product of a gradual loss of self respect in Pettus' employ, but at last the old rascal overstepped the bounds, and Blake's temper exploded for the first time in many years. He consigned Pettus to the subcellar of the bottomless pit and walked out of the office.

Two days later Blake and Miss Lessing were married. They had less than a hundred dollars in money and no employment. Their happiness, however, was worth starving for, if such should be their fate. An intoxicating sense of freedom thrilled them with unimagined joys. Both had been buried hitherto, the girl in a gloomy home, the man under the in-

[illegible]

cubus of Pettus. They had escaped into life and love and the sun and [illegible]

[illegible]

Hofnagel, who was Pettus' chief [illegible] the tiny apartment which was now so sweet and dear a home, and the tone of the communication seemed particularly offensive in that sacred spot—"Come to my office at once." This was too much for a man just clothed in brand new self esteem.

Blake wrote across the lawyer's letter with a heavy blue pencil: "If you have any business with me, write it, and I will [illegible] such letter is the matter [illegible] warrant."

[illegible] was furious [illegible] he needed [illegible] to offer him some work which would [illegible]

"I think he has quarreled with Mr. Pettus and wants your help against him," said Amy.

[illegible]

[illegible] there was truth in this [illegible] that Pettus was [illegible] and that Blake was the only man on earth [illegible]

[illegible] fancy.

"I'll consider the matter," said Blake, and at the moment it was his intention to see Hofnagel next day, but he was occupied with the fruitless search for work, and the matter was forgotten until too late.

Blake returned home that afternoon really [illegible] seriously alarmed. He had detected the Pettus influence strongly against him, and his heart was full of bitterness.

To his unspeakable amazement he found Mrs. Pettus in his sitting room. The rigid old woman in her cheap black gown was doing her miserable best to be affable and to give an air of the usual to this extraordinary incident.

"My husband was very sorry to lose you, Mr. Blake," said she. "He would be glad indeed if you would return to his employment, and I'm sure that all your differences could be adjusted upon a basis that would be very satisfactory to you. At any rate, you and I have no quarrel, and I'm sure you will do me this little favor."

Amy saw her husband's face hardening, and she hastened to the rescue of her guest.

"Mr. Pettus has gone away," said she, "and no one knows where. He wrote a letter to Mr. Hofnagel which doubtless explains everything, but it cannot be read. Meanwhile Mr. Pettus' sister has fallen very ill, and they desire to communicate with him at once."

The fiction of the illness of the sister did not impress Blake, but he lacked the hardihood to refuse this request under his own roof.

"Have you the letter?" he asked, and Mrs. Pettus produced it from her rusty black hand bag with the celerity of a conjurer.

Blake glanced at it, and his face became an inch or two longer than ordinarily. The letter looked as if it had been written in the dark on the back of a bucking horse. The lines ran together, the words trod upon one another's heels.

"This will take me all night," said he, "but you shall have it tomorrow morning if the thing can be read at all. I will send it to Mr. Hofnagel's office."

Mrs. Pettus departed with profuse expressions of gratitude and esteem and promises of remuneration, which were firmly set aside by Blake.

"I will take no money for this," he said. "I regret to say that my feelings for Mr. Pettus are not sufficiently cordial for either friendly or business relations."

"You wrong him, indeed you do," said Mrs. Pettus. "He is really very fond of you."

Immediately after dinner Blake sat down to his task, and for two hours he worked without appreciable result. Amy became so tired watching him that she fell asleep in her chair, and finally Blake picked her up as if she had been a child and carried her to her room.

At 7 o'clock in the morning Blake returned to that room. He was trembling [illegible] head [illegible] with excitement [illegible] His face was pale and his eyes were sunken, but very bright.

Amy was asleep [illegible] Apparently she had not moved [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] says to come at once. The thing is a fortune. I may be [illegible] to get Lessing to sign something if I can fix the hospital doctors, but you must buy the other interest anyhow. Don't fail in this. Wire me Denver, care Hastings. You have several days for this, as Lessing is out of his head, I understand, and can't communicate, but don't lose any time. I'll fix you all right for this. Yours,

PETTIS.

"And at midnight," said Blake in an awestruck voice, "I was on the point of giving up the job. Amy, that letter is undecipherable. Nobody can read it. I didn't read it; the Lord did it for me. Why, at midnight I hadn't even found out that my own name was

LAMENTING THE LOSS OF THE CALABASH

mentioned. Then I got 'Calabash mine, Bristed, Colo.' You see, he made a special effort to write that plainly. From that moment I was inspired."

"We must go to back it once. But how? We have no money."

Blake laughed.

"My excellent friend Hofnagel would be glad to give me some," said he. "But don't worry about that. I'll raise it somehow, and we'll start on the 1 o'clock train."

They were in Denver on the third day and found Lessing already beginning to mend. Pettus, alarmed by wire from his lawyers, had fled back to his lair defeated. It was a great stake that he had lost, for the Calabash is a wonderful property. Those who are in a position to know declare that Pettus sometimes paces the floor of his office holding his head in his hands and lamenting the loss of the Calabash. He needed that gold mine, poor man, for he is worth only about $[illegible]0,000,000.

W[illegible] Liver Medicine in liquid form [illegible] chills and fever, regulates [illegible] dizziness [illegible] sick head [illegible] constipation. Pleasant to take [illegible] contain 2½ times the [illegible] of the 50 size. First dose [illegible] Its tonic effects felt at [illegible] Sold in Palace Pharmacy, Smethport [illegible] O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Pineules for the Kidneys 30 days trial $1.00. Hundreds of people testify to the merit of this preparation in the relief of kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, backache. Pineules act directly on the kidneys, purify the blood and make you feel like a new person. They tone the system. Sold by O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, and Palace Pharmacy, Smethport.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Washing Rugs and Carpets.

A preparation for washing rugs and carpets is made of four ounces of good white soap dissolved in four ounces of boiling water. When cool add five ounces of ammonia, two and one half ounces of alcohol, two and one half ounces of glycerin and two ounces of ether or chloroform. Bottle and cork tightly.

To clean a carpet add a teaspoonful of the preparation to a pail of tepid water and wring the soap from this. The same preparation will also clean men's clothes.

Two tablespoonfuls to a pint of water will remove the most obstinate stains.

Matting should be washed with strong salt and water to strengthen the fibers.

If a white or cream colored matting has become faded, wash with strong soda water, and, while this will turn it a deeper shade of creamy yellow, it will be all one color instead of variegated.

Matting should always be swept the way of the weave, not across it.

The Care of Veils.

If your white veil is very much soiled it will not be a difficult matter to bring it back to its original newness. Make a strong lather of white soap and simmer the veil in it for about a quarter of an hour.

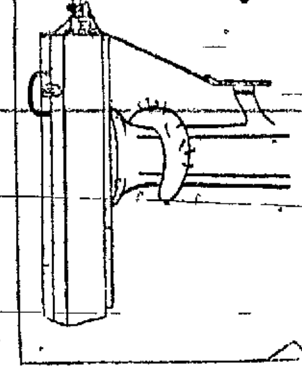
Rinse it in cold water carefully with a little liquid bluing. You can also add perfume to this water. Pass the veil through a thin gum arabic water or water in which rice has been boiled and clear it by shaking. Pin evenly on a linen cloth. When dry lay between a piece of thin muslin and iron on wrong side.

To wash your black veil pass it through hot water in which a small quantity of ox gall has been mixed, together with some perfume. Squeeze but do not rub it. Rinse in cold water, putting bluing in the last rinse.

Stiffen by dipping in a very thin glue water made by pouring water on glue. Squeeze and shake out and dry and iron on the wrong side.

A Handy Pincushion.

At first sight the pincushion here with shown, invented by a Tennessee man, does not appeal [illegible] as a very important addition to the thousands of labor and time saving devices, but second thought will show that it has its uses and that they are not so insignificant.



FASTENS ON SEWING MACHINE.

[illegible] is needed [illegible] hand [illegible] them without stopping the machine or delaying her work [illegible]

Mango Chutney.

Take one quart of good vinegar, two tablespoonfuls mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls powdered ginger, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two cupfuls brown sugar, one cupful stoned raisins, two onions, two green peppers, fifteen green sour apples. Boil the vinegar, mustard, ginger, salt and sugar. Stone and chop the raisins, remove the seeds from the peppers and chop them with the onions, put all with the vinegar and simmer two hours, then add the apples, pared, cored and quartered, and stew another hour or till the apples are soft. Put it into small bottles and seal.

A Mexican Stew.

Scald and peel six tomatoes and cut them in quarters. Press out the seeds. Put two tablespoonfuls tomatoes in an agate stewpan, and when melted add a sweet green pepper chopped fine and cook about ten minutes without browning. Then add the tomato and a scant teaspoonful of salt and cook until thoroughly heated through. Then add a pint of hot fresh boiled sweet corn shaved from the cob, more salt if desired, and a good generous tablespoonful of butter and serve immediately.

Egg Lemonade.

Use four [illegible] good sized lemons, extract the juice and cut the peel into shreds. Boil one half pound sugar with one quart of water for five minutes, then strain and cool. Add lemon juice and peel and thoroughly chill. When ready to serve [illegible] without separating until light and add the lemonade and beat together vigorously. Serve with shaved ice and a slice of lemon on top.

Silver and Brass Cleaners.

For cleaning brass and silver ware use half a cup of whiting. Fill the cup up with cold water. Pour this mixture in a bottle and add one ounce of ammonia. Shake well before using. Wet a flannel cloth with this, then rub the articles to be cleaned, afterward rubbing dry till polished.

If you are a sufferer from that most distressing affliction piles and have tried many remedies without being benefited we can safely say that ManZan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Noted Orator and Editor.

John Temple Graves, candidate of the Independence party for vice president of the United States, is a descendant of John C. Calhoun, famed in the annals of the south. Mr. Graves is a native of South Carolina and fifty two

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

years old. In the south he is looked upon as the successor of the late Henry W. Grady both as an editor and an orator. For years he was one of the most popular lecturers on the Chautauqua circuit, and a number of his lectures as well as other works have been published in book form.

Mr. Graves was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1875 and went into journalism. In 1887 he founded the Atlanta Journal and later was editor of the Rome Tribune. Before removing to New York to become an editorial writer on the New York American Mr. Graves represented the south at many banquets of national importance in the large cities of the nation. Until the present campaign he has been a Democrat and was a presidential elector from Florida in 1884 and from Georgia in 1888.

Something Was Wrong.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, United States navy, tells this story against himself. He had a congressman for a guest, but had run out of his favorite brand of whisky and had stocked up with something he could not guarantee. He explained this and added: "Here, however, is some brandy that I've kept unopened for a good deal more than twenty years. Just hand [illegible] the whisky decanter." [illegible] "Why," said the admiral, "what is the matter with the brandy?" "That's just what I want to know, Bob," said the guest, "but if you have had it unopened in your possession for more than twenty years there must be something pretty bad the matter with it!"

A Cash Grocer.

Alderman Frank J. Dowling of New York was talking about his widely praised [illegible] make it a crime [illegible] take [illegible] their [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] said Alderman Dowling, [illegible] has come [illegible] Of course the [illegible] are all right, but there is [illegible] within [illegible] This grocer [illegible] cash [illegible] only. If you ask him for credit he says:

"No, sir, no, siree. I wouldn't even trust my own feelings."

To Hunt Big Game in Africa.

Kermit Roosevelt, son of the president, who is to accompany his distinguished father to South Africa on a hunting trip next spring, is devoted to outdoor sports and the strenuous life. He has already made his mark as a hunter of big game in the west. A couple of years ago with Captain Bullock

KERMIT ROOSEVELT.

Kermit took a ten days' jaunt into the wilds of South Dakota. On the afternoon of the fifth day while Captain Bullock and Kermit were riding in advance they scared up a brown bear.

"There's your chance, Kermit," said the captain, and the boy brought his rifle to his shoulder with a steady hand and true eye. The bear fell at the first shot.

Kermit is an expert with the kodak and will be the picture maker of the African expedition.

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Fresh, Salt or Smoked

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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in a satisfactory manner.

The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the indelicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those most eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients, will be found in a pamphlet wrapped around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed *free* on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The most intelligent women now-a-days insist on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of KNOWN COMPOSITION. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound.

If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

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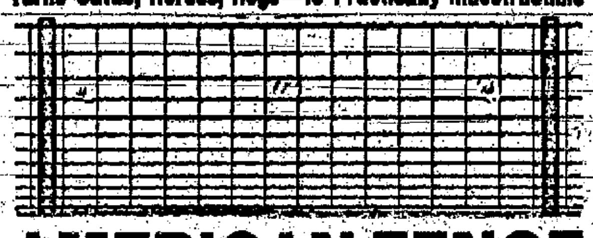

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 24, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Politicians are beginning to sit up and take notice.

—Indoor baseball, outdoors, still continues to be a popular pastime among the older athletes.

—The E. L. Williams farm of 226 acres, located three miles from Franklinville, was sold on Thursday, through the Helrick Agency of Bolivar, N. Y., to James and Patrick Brondart of Franklinville, N. Y., who will take possession March first.

—An article on exhibit at the fair of interest to the farmers and friends of W. C. Dickeson were three ears of corn grown by him on his farm in Oklahoma. Mr. Dickeson and son, Delos, with the help of one man four months will have over 7,000 bushels of corn and 3,700 bushels of German millet seed, besides their other farm products.

—Saturday, October 3d, will be the last day for paying taxes in order to get a vote at the fall election. The coming election will be all the more important in that a President is to be chosen and voters should make certain that they have paid a state or county tax within the last two years in order to assure them a vote in November.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Waller and son, Bruce, left Tuesday for their new home near Los Angeles. Cal. We are sorry to lose this estimable family from our neighborhood, and they have the Eagle's best wishes for every success in their new home.—Eldred Eagle. Mr. Waller, who spent his boyhood days in Smethport, has many friends here who wish himself and family success and happiness in their new home.

—At the High school competition at Smethport Tuesday Leon Brown's pluck in finishing when he had lost all consciousness except the one fixed idea that he must run until he crossed the line, arly cost him an encounter with the nethport boys, he having turned wrong as he re-entered the track and so collided with a Smethport runner. So far gone was he that he had no recollection of the occurrence when he staggered across the line from the wrong side, two minutes later. Brown was taken to a physician and he has not yet recovered from the strain.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The old saying "all signs of rain in dry weather fail" is proving painfully true at present.

—The extremely heavy dust has practically driven the automobiles out of business until we have rain.

—A lady hair dresser and masseuse whose real identity and location is unknown evidently worked Kane ladies for between three and four hundred dollars. This woman got up a club of about 200 who were to receive twenty treatments for $2 and got her money in advance, after which she disappeared, not to return. Our readers may profit by reading and remembering this.

—According to the Port Allegany Reporter, the accident in which Miss Splain had her ankle badly fractured at Port Allegany on Sunday of last week was caused by the horse being frightened at Aaron Helman's automobile, and suit will be brought against him for damages. It will be remembered that Mr. Helman was injured that night in an automobile wreck between Port Allegany and this place. It is said that Mr. Helman had no knowledge of being responsible for the accident at Port Allegany.

—William Digel is obliged to go about on crutches as the result of an accident at the fair grounds last Friday. He was sitting on the inside fence on the home stretch during a running race and when the horses came around the last turn he discovered that they were hugging close. He attempted to throw his legs over, but a small boy was also in danger and he took time to get him off the fence and therefore before he could get out of harm's way his left leg was caught at the knee and badly wrenched by the runner as it passed. Mr. Digel told the writer that no bones were broken and he hoped to be as well as ever in a few days. The inside rail on a race course is a dangerous place to sit.

When you have a cold you may be sure that it has been caused indirectly by constipation and consequently you must first of all take something to move the bowels. This is what has made Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup so successful and so generally demanded. It does not constipate like most of the old-fashioned cough cures, but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

When Hypnotized Tramps Meet Death.

A No. 1, the well known tramp, states that riding upon the truck beams between the wheels of a flying passenger train or even of a slower going freight train is exceedingly difficult. The flying cinders deluge the eyes and at times make breathing almost impossible. More than this, he says that unless one strictly watches himself one is in danger of becoming hypnotized. The rhythmically pounding wheels jolting over the joints of the rails have a way of insistently commanding attention that is extremely dangerous. This noise, sharp and repeated with devilish persistence, can hypnotize the unwary he says. Often he has had to use every resource of will power which he has in order to ward off the effects of this endless and mind compelling "click, click, click." He believes that many a tramp who has fallen to his death from the trucks has been first hypnotized in this way. This is perfectly sound psychology, and the probability of such hypnotism will be indorsed by any good specialist in this science.—Bohemian Magazine.

A Winnipeg Sermon.

A story is going the rounds about one of the Winnipeg clergy, which he himself has told with great delight. A farmer and his wife came to Winnipeg on a visit, and on Sunday their host requested the farmer friend to go with him to church.

"No," said he, "I never go to church." And his wife backed up his assertion.

The visitor was finally persuaded to go to a local church and was told the pastor was also an American. After the service he was introduced to the pastor, and the following conversation took place:

"Well, doctor," said the visitor, "I enjoyed your sermon."

"I am very pleased to hear that," replied the pastor.

"You know," explained the farmer, "I do not go to church very often, but that sermon of yours was the least like a sermon I ever heard."—Winnipeg Telegram.

Modern Witchcraft.

Says a correspondent of the London Chronicle: "This writer knows of a west country English farmer, a hard headed business man, who uses the latest machinery on his farm, yet holds the belief in pixies as firmly as any article of his religious creed. Having been visited by a series of minor misfortunes, he confided to the writer in the utmost seriousness his fear that he had offended a pixy by inadvertently stepping into a fairy ring and stated that he intended going on the morrow to the white witch at Exeter to get further misfortune averted. And this level headed business man took a day from his farm in the busiest time of the year and journeyed to Exeter and back—a matter of some sixty miles—for this purpose. On his return he was as one who had cast off a heavy burden. But the white witch's mysteries no persuasion could induce him to reveal."

A Violin For a Vane.

One of the most curious vanes to be seen on any church in Great Britain is that at Great Gonerby, a parish adjoining Grantham, in Lincolnshire. It is in the form of a fiddle and a bow and is unusually large. Its history is a curious one. Many years ago a peasant resided in Great Gonerby who eked out a modest livelihood by performing on an old violin, which was almost a part of his life. At last he decided to emigrate and out in the far west prospered and became a rich man. One day he sent to the clergyman at Great Gonerby a sum sufficient to build a church and attached to the gift the curious condition that a metal replica of his old fiddle and bow should be on the summit of the edifice. The gift was accepted, and the vane may still be seen on the church.

Club Stories.

Two stories are told of the time when the Athenaeum club, while its clubhouse was undergoing renovation, was hospitably taken in by the United Service club.

One was of a distinguished officer who, after a vain hunt for his umbrella, was heard to mutter, "That comes of letting those —— bishops into the club!"

The counterblast is to the effect that when an Athenaeum man, while his club was still the guest of the other, asked for the librarian, the answer was, "Please, sir, he is in the dining room carving the roast beef!"

Took Him at His Word.

Gradgrind (to his employees)—Nobody but me is to touch that clock. Nobody is to begin or leave off work except as it indicates the time. Foreman—Yes, sir. Gradgrind (the next day)—Why, the day is one-fourth gone and nobody's at work! What does this mean? Foreman (meekly)—You forgot to wind the clock, sir.—London Fun.

Cause of His Hilarity.

Green—I'd like that fellow Brown better if he didn't always laugh at his own jokes. White—Brown doesn't laugh at his own jokes. He laughs at you fellows who are silly enough to listen to them.—Illustrated Bits.

Foretelling the Future.

Mrs. de Style—So your baby girl is three weeks old. My, how time flies! Mrs. Gunbusta—Yes. Just think in thirty years from now she will be twenty-one years old.—Sphinx.

No Vices.

Nell—I don't suppose Mr. Sillicus has any vices? Belle—Vices! Why, he belongs to a glee club, an amateur theatrical society and writes poetry.—Philadelphia Record.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Reade's Dramatic Failures.

It was not until 1856, when Charles Reade was forty-two, that he obtained reputation as a novelist, a reputation to which he did not aspire, for it was his ambition to be a dramatist. From the beginning of his career until the last year of his life he wrote play after play, every one of them a failure and he alone refusing to believe it. He attributed their want of success to every cause but the right one, and he went on squandering the money gained from his more successful novels on the production of bad plays. "The actors are duffers, sir," he would say, "who have diddled my composition, mixed ditch water with my champagne, murdered my work," and he would pour out maledictions on the heads of all who had anything to do with the unfortunate piece, from scenic artist to super, never conceiving that he himself was the sole culprit. And yet, as his novels show, he had dramatic ability of a high order and could produce the most thrilling effects and situations. He wrote two or three dramas in collaboration with Tom Taylor and Dion Boucicault that had a brief success, but apart from these he never wrote a play that met with the slightest degree of popular favor.

Poultry Fakes.

"Oh, yes," said the poultry farmer, "there are tricks in every trade! Take, for instance, this old rooster here." The rooster was old. There was no denying it. He was as tough an old rooster as ever graced the summer boarders' table of a New England farm.

"Take this old rooster," said the farmer, seizing a paint brush. "Black up his feet. Then break his breastbone, so, with a long pair of scissors. Then push the breast up high. What's the result? A fine young turkey's the result, and knowing housewives will scramble over one another to buy him."

With a harsh laugh the farmer turned to a skeleton chicken. "This bird is a regular skeleton, isn't she?" he said. "Now watch me. See, I lay her on her back. Then I place this heavy board on her breast. Then tomorrow when I come to take her to market the board will have made her scraggy breastbone almost invisible, and it will have given her very full, plump sides—no breastbone, fat sides—the sure signs of a fat and tender young chicken."

An Unobserving Thief.

Yosouf owned a beautiful horse which was very valuable. While Yosouf was transacting business a thief stole the horse. The owner shortly afterward saw the thief leading his horse and took him before the kaid, or judge.

"The horse is mine," sturdily insisted the thief.

In vain the other argued, and the kaid was about to give his decision in favor of the villain when Yosouf advanced suddenly, threw his cloak over the horse's head and demanded of his enemy:

"Since you own the horse, tell the kaid in which eye the animal is blind."

"In the left," said the thief, making a wild guess.

Yosouf looked toward the kaid triumphantly. "He's blind in neither eye," said he.

So the noble horse came into its rightful owner's possession again, and the wicked Arab was punished.

In the Taproot of an Oak.

I remember a curious incident connected with the taproot of an oak. This oak, a good tree of perhaps 200 years' growth, was being felled at Bradenham wood when the woodmen called attention to something peculiar on the taproot. On clearing this of soil we found that the object was a horseshoe of ancient make. Obviously in the beginning an acorn must have fallen into the hollow of this cast shoe, and as it grew through the slow generations the root filled up the circle, carrying it down into the earth in the process of its increase till at length we found wood and iron thus strangely welded. That taproot with the shoe about it is now or used to be a paperweight in the vestibule of Bradenham Hall.—Rider Haggard.

Left Handed Finance.

He was a young railroad man and went the pace. He had to borrow money to keep "his end up," and he fell into the clutches of a relentless money collector.

"I really am trying my best to pay back the coin I owe you," he pleaded.

"I don't see much evidence of it," was the grim answer. "What are you doing?"

"I am buying a lottery ticket every month," answered the hopeful financier.—San Francisco Call.

Wanted Them All.

Julia Ward Howe was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. "It is time now," he said pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course; beauty, grace —"

"Yes," said Mrs. Howe sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

Still Vacant.

He was a dude of the would be masher type, and, tripping down the aisle of the parlor car, he dropped into a seat beside a pretty girl.

"Nobody — er — occupying this seat with you, miss?" he queried.

With a disdainful look, she replied in a tone redolent with sarcasm: "No, sir. Nobody yet."—Chicago News.

Weeds and bad habits are about the only things that grow without any help.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kodol will, without doubt, make your stomach strong and will almost instantly relieve you of all the symptoms of indigestion. It will do this because it is made up of the natural digestive juices of the stomach so combined that it completely digests the food just as the stomach will do it, so you see Kodol can't fail to help you and help you promptly. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

Walking Sticks.

The sixteenth century is that in which the walking stick became not merely a useful implement, but an article of fashion, dignity and luxury. In the seventeenth century it was gold headed and made of rare woods. It was a sign of leadership.

For a long period there was little variety among Englishmen in the material used for the majority of walking sticks. The "oaken towel," as it was pleasantly termed when an enemy was to be "rubbed down," shared popularity with the crab tree cudgel, which, among rural folk especially, was much valued and classic from the conflict in "Hudibras," when—

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab tree on old iron rang.

Classic, too, is that stout oaken stick which sturdy Dr. Johnson, who, like Knox, "never feared the face of living man," provided himself with when he went to the pit of the little theater in the Haymarket in full view of Foote, who had announced his intention of "taking him off" on the stage, an intention which in view of the stick he did not carry into effect.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Linked Eyebrows.

It is popularly believed that if one's eyebrows meet it indicates deceit. Charles Kingsley indorses this belief, but Tennyson has other ideas and poetically speaks of "married brows."

In Turkey meeting eyebrows are greatly admired, and the women use artificial means to bring the brows to this condition, and if art cannot induce thin eyebrows to grow they make up by drawing a black line with paste.

It would appear that the Greeks admired brows which almost met, and the fashionable inhabitants of Rome not only approved of them, but resorted to pigments to make up the lack which sometimes existed.

Some proverbs state that the person whose eyebrows meet will always have good luck, while others state exactly the reverse. The Chinese say that "people whose eyebrows meet can never hope to attain to the dignity of a minister of state," and in Greece of today the man whose brows meet is said to be a vampire, while in Denmark and Germany it is said he is a werewolf.—London Standard.

Beau Nash as a Gambler.

When the late Earl of T. was a youth he was passionately fond of play, and never better pleased than with having Mr. Nash for his antagonist. Nash saw with concern his lordship's foible and undertook to cure him, though by a very disagreeable remedy. Conscious of his own superior skill, he determined to engage him in single play for a very considerable sum. His lordship in proportion as he lost his game lost his temper, too, and as he approached the gulf seemed still more eager for ruin. He lost his estate. Some writings were put into the winner's possession. His very equipage was offered as a last stake, and he lost that also, but when our generous gamester had found his lordship sufficiently punished for his temerity he returned all, only stipulating that he should be paid £5,000 whenever he should think proper to make the demand. However, he never made any such demand during his lordship's lifetime, but some time after his decease, Mr. Nash's affairs being in (sic) the wane, he demanded the money of his lordship's heirs, who honorably paid it without any hesitation.—"History of Gambling In England."

Absolutely Free.

Angry Mother (suddenly entering parlor and catching young music teacher kissing her daughter)—Young man, is this what I pay you for? Music Teacher—No, ma'am; I make no charge for this.—Florida Times-Union.

Inconsistency.

"Pa, what is the meaning of inconsistency?" asked Freddy.

"Inconsistency, my son," exclaimed pa, "means a man who growls all day and then goes home and kicks the dog for barking at night."

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Local advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 24, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sinnemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKA
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN H. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK H. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT B. ANDERSON
of Clermont

IT is plain to be seen that Bryan is losing ground every day.

MR. BRYAN says his annual income is $75,000 and that he is only worth $150,000. He must be extravagant—or he would have saved more in the past twelve years that he has been in the limelight as the perpetual Democratic candidate.

THAT labor leaders do not take William Jennings Bryan very seriously is plainly shown by the following from an editorial in The United Labor Journal: "By many it is believed that Taft shackled to a bad platform would be more acceptable as the nation's chief executive than Bryan with the extra handicap of a good platform."

CAPT. CHAS. F. BARCLAY, member of Congress and candidate for re-election from this district, and J. P. McNerny of Sinnemahoning were visitors in town Tuesday night and Wednesday morning. A number of voters of this place met these gentlemen at the Grand Central Tuesday evening and talked over the political situation. Mr. Barclay says that everything points to a sweeping Republican victory and is well satisfied with conditions relative to his own campaign.

IN one of his speeches at Buffalo on Monday Mr. Bryan attacked President Roosevelt in his most savage manner. The ways of the perpetual Democratic candidate for the Presidency are certainly strange. A few days ago he was telling the people that if elected he would carry on the good work started by our beloved President and now he takes to abusing him as though he was the worst man in the country. As an orator Mr. Bryan may be amusing in his artful dodging, but for a President we need a more substantial man. Once upon a time a great man said that he would rather be right than be President, but this man was not William Jennings Bryan.

THE expected has happened, the Prohibitionists have induced Dr. McAlpine, their candidate for Assembly, to withdraw and have endorsed L. R. Shaw and Robert Hilton for members of Assembly. The local option league has also endorsed these gentlemen, and the fight is now on in earnest. Just how Republicans, who believe in their party and its principles, can vote for the Democratic nominees, is beyond our comprehension. To be sure if they were elected, they would undoubtedly vote for a local option bill, were there a bill introduced, but is there any certainty of a bill being introduced at this session? At the primaries held for the purpose of nominating candidates for Assembly, every candidate who stood on the local option platform was defeated. As a rule, when a defeat of this character is met, Republicans do not bolt their regular nominees and vote for those who are opposed to Republican policies. As we have stated before, is it consistent for Republicans to vote for Democratic candidates, simply to give them a vote for local option, which has no chance of passing, and pulling McKean county in the background on all other measures? Republicans have two candidates who have acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner at Harrisburg. They may not have been in accord with some, who desired a local option bill, but will the Democratic candidates be wholly in accord with local option Republicans? Will they vote on all measures as Republicans would like? These are questions which should receive careful consideration at the hands of all good Republicans. Messrs. Habgood and McKean will have greater influences in the house at the coming session than they did at the last session. We do not believe that with all the strategy on the part of our Prohibition and local option friends they can accomplish the defeat of the Republican nominees. They will not if Republicans do their duty.—Kane Republican.

UNDER the caption of "Choice for *Congress*—List of Candidates whose Records we have Examined and Found Right," in The United Labor Journal, published at Harrisburg, we clip part of an article concerning Congressman Chas. F. Barclay of this district. In this article it is stated that The United Labor Journal has conducted a careful and thorough investigation of members of congress and selected the friends of labor who should be re-elected. Out of eleven candidates mentioned in this issue Capt. Barclay receives as unqualified an endorsement as any, a part of which is as follows: "The election of Hon. Charles F. Barclay in the Twenty-first district is assured. His popularity with the masses leaves no doubt as to whether he will be elected. He commands the confidence and admiration of all classes of people with whom he comes in contact. His life record is one of which he has ample reason to be proud. He has risen to his present position of prestige and affluence through inborn qualities of honesty, ability and indomitable energy. Captain Barclay is not a stranger to work. He has had more than a speaking acquaintance with it throughout his entire career of usefulness. He began life as a wage earner and it is safe to say that no living man in the Keystone State more thoroughly understands the needs of the man who toils or who is more keenly sympathetic to those needs than Captain Barclay. This has been clearly demonstrated not only by his official record in the Halls of Congress, but also in all his relations with labor as an employer. The cause of labor will always be safe if placed in *the hands of such able and honorable* representatives as Captain C. F. Barclay. . . . Organized labor recognizes in President Roosevelt a true friend of labor; all of the great movements started in his administration affect principally and primarily the working people. It is a well-known fact that in carrying out his far-reaching policies President Roosevelt has at all times had the cordial support of Congressman Barclay. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that few representatives in the Halls of Congress stand closer to our President in the moulding of national policies and in the conduct of national affairs than does C. F. Barclay. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that a man, who has been tried and found right, who enjoys the confidence of President Roosevelt, should also be entitled to and receive the combined support and confidence of the thousands of union men by whom he is held in the highest respect and esteem."

In Relation to Airships.

There is universal sympathy for the sad accident which befell Orville Wright and Lieutenant Selfridge, when they fell from the 75 foot elevation in Wright's aeroplane. During the past week, thousands of people from the city and from other parts of the country have flocked in automobiles and in carriages to Fort Myers where the wonderful experiments that have filled the world with expectation have been made. Great has been the advance in recent months, resulting in flying feats at which the world wondered, it is now clear that the experimental stage is not yet passed. A test at the hands of so competent a flyer as Orville Wright, who has broken all records, was no doubt as promising as human ingenuity could make it, but human ingenuity cannot prevent accident with wagon, automobile, or any machine, and when *that accident happens* it midair, *it* is necessarily more tragic and disastrous than on terra firma. Skeptics with reference to the success of flying machines are strengthened—and with reason—in their disbelief and the accident at Fort Myer has proven almost conclusively that it will never be possible to use airships for long voyages or for the transportation of passengers. The slightest accident will force the machine to the ground and even if the passengers escape accident, the machine may be miles from a point where it can be repaired. Mr. Thomas A. Edison in a recent interview given in Salt Lake City predicted that in five years or less, airships will be carrying passengers across the ocean making the trip in a day at the rate of two hundred miles an hour. Mr. Edison also predicts that the North Pole can and will be reached in a forty hour trip by an airship. But imagine an airship or an aeroplane crossing the ocean when some mishap occurs such as is daily occurring with the motor car for example. Either it would be thrown into the deep, or, if it were able to maintain itself in the air, it would not be possible to move or repair the damage. The experiments will go on. They have received too great an impetus to be arrested, but it is probable that the youngest child to-day will not live to see the airship, whether aeroplane or balloon, commercially successful.

For Sale.

Lumber and lath. I will sell good sound hemlock lumber, cut from live timber. In length from 8 to 18 feet 1 and 2 in., all breadths at $15 per thousand, lath at $3.50 per thousand. At my mill on Cole Creek, Farmers Valley, Pa. Charles L. Palmer.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice). Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Nature's Cunning.

Protective mimicry, that cunning device of nature to preserve animals *from their enemies*, is well known in the eggs of certain fishes, notably the California shark, known as Gyropleurodus francisci. The shark is of a sluggish habit, lurking among rocks, and its dark egg resembles a leaf of kelp or seaweed folded up spirally. It is deposited among the beds of kelp and clings to the leaves by the edges of the spirals. The young shark bursts open the end of the egg and swims away. Another shark's egg of the Pacific coast has tentacles which clasp the seaweed and also imitate its appearance.

Mozart and Bretzner.

When Mozart was at the height of his fame he composed the music of Bretzner's "Belmont und Konstanze" ("The Abduction From the Seraglio") at the request of Emperor Joseph II. The author of the drama was so angry at this that he inserted the following notice in the Leipziger Zeitung: "A certain fellow of the name of Mozart has dared to misuse my drama, 'Belmont und Konstanze,' for an opera text. I hereby solemnly protest against this invasion of my rights, and I reserve to myself further procedure. (Signed) Christoph Friedrich Bretzner, Author of 'Rauschchen.'"

Long-Necked Belles.

Eastern standards of beauty differ, like the customs, from those of the west. In Malacca, we are told, the small waist and velvet eyes do not count, but instead the length of the neck is the criterion of beauty. The girl of Malacca at a very early age is fitted with a metal collar, which compels her to keep her head erect, and as she grows the collar is increased in size, and by this means the neck is gradually elongated.

Democratic Discouragement.

At the risk of calling down upon ourselves further execrations from a few of the faithful and fanatical we make bold to remark that the indifference of the South Carolina Democrats to the cause of Mr. Bryan seems to justify our prediction some months ago that the campaign would end with the Denver convention. We wish that we could be disillusioned; we wish that the Democrats of South Carolina and of the country would simply rebuke us for saying that there was an absence of enthusiasm for Mr. Bryan.—Charleston News and Courier (dem.)

Making or Keeping Promises.

The difference between Mr. Taft's pronounced tariff revision and Mr. Bryan's pledges in the same direction is that Mr. Taft if elected will be in position to redeem his pledge, while Mr. Bryan if elected would be powerless to accomplish anything with a Republican senate arrayed against his free trade plans.—Omaha Bee.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 15, Oct. Term, 1904.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lavern Gordnier did, on the 6th of June, 1904, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Lillian Gordnier.

We therefore command you, the said Lillian Gordnier, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Lavern Gordnier and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lavern Gordnier, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in *such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.*

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.
M. L. Willis, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 15, Feb. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, SS:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Clara Smith did, on the 9th day of December, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles A. Smith.

We therefore command you, the said Charles A. Smith that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Clara Smith and show cause, if any you have, why the said Clara Smith, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.
Tait & Jones, Libellant's Att'ys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 141, Feb. Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Winnie Brewer did, on the 25th day of January, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ellis Brewer.

We therefore command you, the said Ellis Brewer, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Winnie Brewer and show cause, if any you have, why the said Winnie Brewer, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. [illegible] 1908.
[illegible]

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$293,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
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RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist, gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

35 Acre Farm
With New Buildings
For Only $1,500.

We offer for sale the Palmer farm of 35 acres, located one mile from Farmers Valley, Pa., and five miles from Smethport, Pa., on R. F. D. 18 acres flat land, balance side hill of easy grade, all cleared except 5 acres small timber. Fine spring water, good wire fences. 4½ acres fine orchard 12 years old. Nine-room cottage in fine repair, with 60 feet of veranda. Fine spring water at house. Barn 32x42, with cellar and stable in basement. Buildings are almost new and could not be replaced for less than $2,000. This farm is ¼ mile from school and one mile from Shawmut Line and Pennsylvania railroad stations. We offer this farm for only $1,500. Terms one-half cash, mortgage for balance. This farm is especially adapted for dairying, grain and potato raising. Possession at once. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 86, Dec. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary Hall did, on the 6th day of November, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Adelbert Hall.

We therefore command you, the said Adelbert Hall, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at *Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to* be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, next to answer the petition or libel of Mary Hall and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary Hall, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.
[illegible]

FIRST SHOWING
—OF—
New Fall and Winter Clothing,

For Young Men, Old Men, Boys and Children, also a complete line of Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes.

For weeks we have been busy marking and arranging the large and well selected stock of new and beautiful apparel in Men's, Boys' and Children's wear. We are specially proud of our Young Men's suit display. We have the best suits made by the best makers.

Compare our suits with any to be had anywhere, then compare prices. Do this and you will buy your Fall Suit and Overcoat here. You can't help it, you know.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Marlin

A 6¾ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance,—this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Book," just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., *New Haven, Conn.*

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
Arbuckles,	18c lb		

—AT—
ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

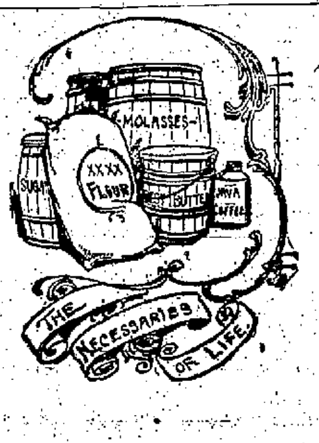
is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipts. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.



Sole Agents for
Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

Sane's
57 MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle. [illegible]

MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A COUGH

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

That New Fall Suit will soon be wanted and we are ready to serve you with the new ones; neat, dressy and up-to-date.

Ask to seen them and you must admire. Priced to to please you too.

$25.00 to $40.00.

PATRICIAN Shoe for Women

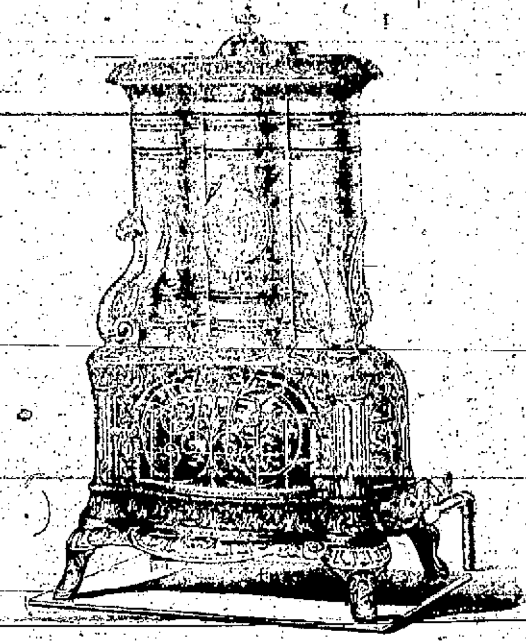
The new Patrician models in fall footwear are ready for your inspection and will more than please you. Perfect fit, longest wear, ease and comfort.

$3.50 and $4.00.

Style No. 31
Gun Metal, Button, Welt Sole. A Shoe for service.
$3.50

Style No. 30
Pat. Vamp, Gibson Hand Turned. For dress wear,
$4.00

Many other styles in Black, Tan, Brown and Ox Blood, in regular height and the high wave top boots.



Call and See our Large Line of Good Heaters.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 24, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The annual teachers' institute will be held here October 26-30.

—Otto Carlson is quite ill at the home of John Lindholm on Water street.

—Many lawns in town have been practically destroyed by the drouth.

—Frank Hester made a great hit as a jockey in the running races last week.

—Everybody speaks in highest praise of the McKean County Fair and Races.

—Miss Ethel Gifford entertained the Bridge Whist club last Saturday afternoon.

—Young boys and girls are having lots of fun playing on the new pavement.

—The open season for pheasants, rabbits and squirrels opens on Thursday of next week.

—Shoes are advertised by the Lindholm Company in this issue. This company carries an excellent line.

—Charles Lemmler has been confined to his home for the past week. He is suffering with a cold and fever.

—Miss Edna Hailman and two children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hurley are said to be ill with typhoid fever.

—Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and Mrs. E. T. Newman entertained a large party of ladies at bridge whist Tudsday evening.

—The Lyceum management will hold another of its popular dances next Saturday evening. All are invited. Tickets 50 cents.

—Constable John G. Eckort, whose home was near St. Marys, Elk county, hung himself last week. No reason is [illegible] his self destruction.

—The East Smethport people who built the new cement walk from the bridge to the P. R. R. right of way deserve the thanks of all who travel that way.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained a small party at dinner last evening in honor of her birthday. Covers were laid for twelve and an excellent repast was served.

—Maude Hamilton was arrested in Bradford and brought to Smethport on Tuesday to await requisition papers from Albany. She is wanted in New York State for larceny.

—While Mrs. M. C. Stickles was visiting some of her neighbors for a few days, thieves entered her house and stole a quantity of bed clothing and kitchen utensils. The identity of the thieves is unknown.

—R. F. Starsky has been granted a leave of absence from his duties as deputy prothonotary until after election in order that he may give his political interests his entire attention. W. F. Specht will fill his position during his absence.

—A young man named Hower was arrested in Kane last Friday. He is charged with soliciting subscriptions and collecting money for the Curtis Publishing Co., without proper authority, and appropriating the same to his own personal use.

—W. A. McDowell of Portville on Monday sold, through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, his farm of 95 acres, located in Pleasant Valley, Potter county, Pa., to A. C. Bardwell of Cross Fork, Pa. The deal included stock, crops, tools and oil and gas rights.

—Hi Henry, the man who became famous on account of his minstrels and cornet, who was stricken by paralysis at his home, near Boise, Idaho, about a week ago, is dead and his career as a public entertainer is ended. Hi Henry was as well known in his day as was Dan Rice in his. Hi Henry amassed lots of money and owned mines in the west. He was born in Gowanda, N. Y., and has many relatives in this vicinity.

—William H. Morrison, one of the most popular of county officials, was in Bradford yesterday. Mr. Morrison, as everybody knows, is a candidate for sheriff of McKean county and his prospects for election are very good. He will get the full Republican vote and some besides, says Tuesday's Bradford Era.

—According to the Kane Republican, a firebug attempted to burn a house belonging to V. A. Gillette on Moffit avenue, and occupied by Mrs. L. M. Myers, last Sunday morning. Fire was discovered on the back porch at 3 o'clock and after it was extinguished unmistakable evidence of oil being poured there was found.

—Fire destroyed the cheese factory near Crosby Tuesday evening. People living nearby discovered the fire at about 10 o'clock, but it was impossible to save anything. Reports are to the effect that the fire was of incendiary origin. Neither of the Smethport agencies had any insurance on the building, but it is supposed that some insurance was carried.

—Work on the paving of Main street has now advanced so far that one can gain a pretty accurate idea of what a vast improvement it will be when completed. The brick is nearly all laid on three squares and looks very fine indeed. The inspector is very vigilant and sees that all work is done in strict accordance to specifications, which insures a first-class job in every respect.

—A barn belonging to William Stanton in Reilly hollow, was destroyed by fire Saturday evening. The barn was filled with hay and contained practically all his farming utensils, none of which were saved. The flames could be plainly seen from town. The origin of the fire is unknown. It is estimated that the loss is between $1,000 and $1,200; on which he had an insurance of $500.

—No. 1 tank at the bottle factory was started up Monday morning. Manager W. J. Johnson had his arrangements so carefully made that everything started off as smoothly as though there had been no shut-down. Nine shops are working at present, which means the employment of upwards of fifty men and boys. At this time it is impossible to say when fire will be lighted in No. 2 tank.

—Albert Truax and David McIntyre, charged with setting fire to Joseph Crawford's shop in Bradford some time ago, pleaded guilty before Judge Bouton yesterday. Sentence was suspended until the October term of court and each was held in the sum of $1,000 bail. McIntyre furnished bail at once and Truax expects to furnish bail to-day. The boys are given a chance to reform owing to their youth.

—The State warden commission at Harrisburg are after illegal hunters and fishermen red hot, and are going to break it up if it costs the State hundreds of dollars. So many wardens are being stationed in every county, permanently and quietly, so you fellows who are in the habit of hunting in and out of season had better look for other sport, or it will cost you time and money when you least expect it.

—In the proper place in these columns will be found the professional card of Frederick W. Backus, who has opened a law office in the Backus Building, opposite the court house. Mr. Backus has recently been admitted to the practice of law in this county and he has the ability to become one of the foremost lawyers in this part of the State. He is a son of the late Maj. John C. Backus, who was considered one of the ablest attorneys that ever practiced in this county.

—Miss Alice L. Foster, only daughter of Frank R. Foster of this borough, and Mr. Harry M. Zoner of St. Marys, Pa., were united in marriage at Paterson, N. J., on Saturday, September 12, 1908, Rev. Dr. Lacey performing the ceremony. The bride is a popular young lady of this place and the groom is a telegraph operator at St. Marys, who is spoken of as a young man of most excellent habits and character. The MINER unites with a host of friends in wishing them a long life of wedded bliss.

—Mrs. Stephen B. Lee was instantly killed and her husband probably fatally injured in an automobile accident in Buffalo last Sunday evening. They were driving along Delaware avenue and while crossing the Lackawanna tracks were struck by a freight engine. Mrs. Lee was horribly mangled and Mr. Lee's skull was fractured and he received numerous other injuries. Mrs. Lee was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Healy of Bradford and is survived by her father, who is an invalid, her mother who is at the Bradford hospital suffering with typhoid fever and could not be told of her daughter's death, and two brothers, William J. and Norman. Mrs. Lee was 36 years of age.

Wanted. In this locality, a man of ability who can devote all or part of his time to the interests of an old established concern. Experience in Insurance lines preferred but not essential. No capitol required. Address, William L. Howard, Box 170, Rochester, N. Y.

Skating Rink Now Open.

This is an excellent amusement as well as a health-giving exercise for school children.

DeWitt's Little Early Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

G. B. Mayo had business in Bradford Monday.

Murl Backus spent Sunday with Olean friends.

Wm. H. Morrison was a Bradford visitor Monday.

John Ruffalo had business in Bradford yesterday.

Harry Rubin and Kenneth Mayo visited Buffalo the fore part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Colegrove left Tuesday for a visit at Washington D. C.

Fred Ripley of Shinglehouse was the guest of his parents the fore part of last week.

Miss Gertrude Wendell left Monday for a two weeks' visit with friends in Bradford.

Mrs. John Jordan of Port Allegany was the guest of friends in this place last week.

Miss Alice L. Moulton of Denver, Colo. is visiting at the home of J. W. Kerr and family.

Mrs. Elizabeth Emery of Perry, N. Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Eberspatcher.

Mrs. H. F. Grabe and daughter, Pauline, returned to her home in Coudersport Tuesday.

Miss Eva Trimble, who has been the guest of Anna Haley, has returned to her home in Kane.

Mrs. Chas. H. Bosworth and daughter Charlotte, left Saturday for their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Coleman and son, Lawrence, of Port Allegany, were in town Thursday last.

Miss Dora Clark has returned home to Port Allegany, after a short visit with friends in town.

Miss Mayme O'Connell left for Bradford Saturday after spending some time with relatives in town.

R. W. Hilton was in Buffalo on Monday, to hear William Jennings Bryan tell the people how to vote.

Miss Irma Wells left Saturday for West Chester, Pa., where she has entered the Darlington Seminary.

A. R. Simons, L. H. Simons and Miss Lillian Simons of Bradford were in town last week and attended the fair.

J. E. McMurray, J. E. Stoner and Con. Mulvihill of Johnsonburg were among the many visitors at the fair last week.

Mrs. Charles Hartmayer of Buffalo and Mrs. L. J. Wiede of Springfield N. Y., are guests of friends in town for a few days.

Mrs. S. F. Redfield and infant son are visiting her parents in Syracuse. S. F. Redfield accompanied them as far as Geneva.

Miss Olive Wells, who has been the guest of Mrs. C. A. Burdick for the past few months, left Monday for her home in Harrisburg.

Miss Ida Esworthy of Cleveland, O., arrived Tuesday to take a position as trimmer in the millinery store of Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Mrs. J. W. Lee and daughter left Tuesday for an extended visit to Philadelphia and other points in the eastern part of the State.

John Saulspaugh left Saturday for Syracuse, N. Y. He was accompanied as far as Buffalo, by William McCarty and Fred Taylor.

Mrs. Baumgardner of Buffalo, and Mrs. J. H. Green of Olean, who were the guests of Mrs. F. G. Pierce last week have returned to their homes.

Miss Gertrude Larned, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Scott F. Redfield, for some time past, returned to her home in Syracuse on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, who have been the guests of relatives in town for the past week, have returned to their home in Bradford.

Mrs. F. M. Spanogle and children, who have been the guests of relatives in town for the past three weeks, left for their home in North Girard Monday.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver; do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

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Walk-Over Shoes,

they FIT YOUR FEET. Try a pair. Common sense lasts and lasts that appeal to the young men. Patent and plain, Kangaroo and Gun Metal Leather.

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The new fleeced cottons for fall are ready for you now. Cooler days and nights will soon demand the warmth and comfort of Outing Night Gowns, Flannelette Wrappers, Kimonos Dressing Saques, Etc.

Nowhere can you find a more complete stock of the newest patterns of standard makes than this store is showing—prices too you'll find are as low as the lowest.

1921 Outings 10c Daisy Flannels 10c
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FRY & COMES

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

FOUNDERS' WEEK, PHILADELPHIA

From October 4 to 10 Philadelphia will celebrate the 225th Anniversary of the City's founding by a series of remarkable events.

On Monday afternoon 25,000 soldiers, sailors and marines will parade. The Police and Fire Departments will parade on Tuesday afternoon, depicting their development from the early times. Wednesday afternoon will witness one of the greatest industrial parades ever seen in this country. Over 100 floats will illustrate the evolution of the City's industries. A great river pageant will be given on Thursday afternoon, in which 500 vessels including United States and foreign warships will participate. Fifteen thousand uniformed Red Men with historical floats will parade in the evening. On Friday the first great historical pageant ever given in America, illustrating by 40 floats and 5000 costumed characters the history of Philadelphia, will be the grand climax of the celebration. The P. O. S. of A. will parade in the evening. Saturday will be devoted to athletics, motor races, and Knights Templar parades. The city will be specially illuminated every night and a musical-historical drama "Philadelphia," will be given every evening on Franklin Field.

Special tickets to Philadelphia will be sold October 2 to 10, good to return until October 12, at reduced rates; minimum rate $1.00. See Ticket Agents.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

The Leap Year Lady.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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"I have often wondered why you didn't marry," said Bobbie Hayes diffidently.

The professor leaned on the porch rail and looked over his rose garden, where the fireflies starred the night with gold.

"Because I love a little lady who doesn't love me," he said dreamily, "and I'll have no other."

"Oh!" Bobbie gasped as one who has come unexpectedly upon a romance.

There was a moment's silence, out of which Bobbie questioned curiously. "How do you know she doesn't love you?"

The professor laughed. "She lets me see that I am her good friend, her comrade, but nothing more."

"Look here, professor, I don't believe you've asked her, not outright, you know," Bobbie accused.

"No, I haven't," the professor admitted.

"I thought so," Bobbie stated. "I know how modest you are. You'd never believe any one cared if they didn't tell you. Now, I had to—why, professor, I just had to hang around you after class and come over here and bore you and beg you to go places with me before you'd believe that I thought you were about the best thing I'd found in college."

The boy's voice was husky with deep feeling, and the professor held out his hand to him.

"Dear lad!" he said.

"And since I've been coming I have found out how lonely you are and—well, I think you ought to marry, professor."

"Alas," said the older man, "if it were as easy as it sounds!"

"It is easy," said Bobbie cocksuredly. "I've—I've had some experience with girls, professor."

The professor chuckled. "More than I have had in all my forty years, Bobbie."

"And I've learned," Bobbie asserted solemnly, "that when a man wants to marry a girl he's got to let her know that he cares awfully."

"But she knows that I care," the professor said.

"Have you told her?" Bobbie demanded.

"Not in words," was the response, "but, Bobbie, boy, I've sent her a bunch of pink roses every day that they bloom in my garden, and I have never looked at another woman."

Bobbie sat up straight. "Oh, look here," he said unexpectedly. "You won't mind if I guess who it is?"

"I don't believe," the professor hesitated, "that we ought to bring her name into it."

"Yes, we ought," Bobbie insisted, "when it means your happiness and hers. Isn't it Miss Merriman?"

"How did you guess?" the professor demanded.

"Nobody else grows such old fashioned hundred leaved roses as you, and when I went up to Miss Merriman's room the other night to borrow a book there was a bunch of them on her table."

"She is very fond of roses," the professor murmured.

"Of your roses," Bobbie amended.

"I have no reason to believe that she cares more for my roses than for any other," said the professor.

"Well, I'll bet she does," Bobbie argued. "I'll bet she's got a lot of them pressed in the Bible or her favorite book of poetry."

The professor rose. "I hardly think I like to bring her name into this discussion," he said again quietly, and after that he and Bobbie walked in the garden arm in arm, and they talked of books and of men, but not of Miss Merriman.

The next afternoon Bobbie called on the little teacher.

"I want to know if you'll chaperon some of the summer schoolgirls to a picnic at High Rock," was his excuse. But later in the evening he mentioned the professor. "I don't think he's looking well," he said.

"I have noticed it," said Miss Merriman anxiously. "I believe he is working too hard."

"It isn't that," said Bobbie. "He's in love, Miss Merriman, and the girl he cares for is treating him very cruelly."

Miss Merriman turned pale. "Oh," she said faintly, "does—does he care for some one?"

"Yes," Bobbie stated, "and he ought to be married. He is lonely, very lonely. I am sure if the woman he loves could know she would say 'yes.'"

"I am sure she would," Miss Merriman agreed.

"I have wondered," Bobbie began and stopped. "If you could find out who she is—women have such intuitions about things, and you and the professor are such old friends."

"But," palpitated Miss Merriman, "I'm not a bit of a detective, Bobbie. I shouldn't know how to look for her."

"Well, I'll give you a tip," said Bobbie. "You find the lady he sends his pink roses to; she's the one."

He was looking at her with round, innocent eyes, and he saw the color come back into her cheeks. He saw the uplift of her graceful head, with its crown of shining hair. He saw the radiance of her eyes.

"Are you sure?" she questioned.

"Dead sure," said artful Bobbie. "Look here," he went on. "If you find out who it is, put her on to the fact that it's leap year."

"Leap year?" gasped Miss Merriman.

"Yes," Bobbie stated. "And it's her chance. The professor is such a dear old piece of humility that he doesn't think she can love him, and he's afraid to ask her, because he feels that it might make her unhappy to refuse him. And he's certain that she wouldn't accept."

"Oh, wouldn't she?" breathed Miss Merriman.

"And—and you tell her," Bobbie continued, "that he's the best ever."

"Of course he is," said Miss Merriman. "Haven't I known him all my life?"

"Well, I've only known him since I came to the summer school," said Bobbie, "but I'll always be more of a man for having met him."

They shook hands with enthusiasm and on the steps Bobbie paused to say "He's going to High Rock with us."

But Bobbie did not know all the working of the feminine mind, for Miss Merriman, instead of bringing things to a crisis at the picnic, kept away from the professor all day, giving him only a vague smile now and then, instead of her usual frank companionship, and as a consequence the professor went home in a state of desperate forlornness, and even the wise Bobbie was alarmed and wished he had not interfered.

The next evening, however, just at the edge of twilight, as the professor wended his solitary way through the paths of his rose garden, the gate opened and a slender figure in white came through.

"I have come to see your roses," said the leap year lady, otherwise called Miss Merriman.

"Are you real," the professor demanded, "or just a tricky spirit, who will vanish in a breath?"

"I am not a spirit," said the leap year lady, "but I've come to ask you a question."

The professor's face fell. "I knew it wasn't just the roses that brought you," he said. "I suppose it's some tangle in your Greek?"

"No," said Miss Merriman, "it isn't a tangle in Greek. It's a worse tangle. And it has something to do with roses."

"Botany?" asked the unconscious professor.

"Oh, no!" Miss Merriman's voice expressed a certain scorn of his denseness.

"Well, you said it had something to do with roses," the professor told her helplessly.

"Do the roses you send me have anything to do with botany?" Miss Merriman demanded.

"No, of course not," the professor stammered; "of course not. They have to do with"—

"What?" Miss Merriman's tone was eager. Her upturned face pleaded. Her eyes were like stars. A faint glow from the little moon turned her hair to gold, and as the professor looked down at her a great light shone in upon his soul.

"Why—they have to do with—love," he said.

"Of course," was the tremulous response. "Oh, why didn't you say it before?"

"I was afraid," he whispered and took her hands in his.

"You see I had to come—to your rose garden"— she explained in the shelter of his arms.

"To stay always?" he begged, and as she murmured "always" wise Bobbie, coming up the path, saw the tableau in the moonlight and, chuckling as he went, beat a hasty retreat.

The Great Unknown.

It was many years before the "Great Unknown" was identified. At the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake" and finally of a novel called "Waverley," popular curiosity was excited, and the whole of England rang with the fame of the "Great Unknown," as Scott was called. The secret was well kept. Sir Walter Scott, who all his life had been storing material and training his mind to such concentration that he could work in the midst of interruptions and was able to turn out volume after volume with a rapidity, two a year, that made his readers doubt their very senses. His incognito was all the more perfectly preserved in that he kept open house at Abbotsford, devoting much of his time to entertaining his guests and visiting. It was not until the embarrassment of his publishers occurred that the identity of the author of the "Waverley Novels" was discovered. The case of Scott furnishes one of the many illustrations of the power of deceiving the public in literary matters.

A Bit of Deceit.

Bismarck vowed that after passing a competitive examination a man was never any good—that the strain wrecked him. Still it was cramming, the cramming of the ingenious mind of Lord Chesterfield which brought about the reform of the calendar. Cramming and flattery did it. "I have been of late a sort of an astronomer despite myself," he wrote. "I was obliged to talk some astronomical jargon, of which I did not understand one word, but got it by heart and spoke it by rote as a master." He had to make the peers believe that he knew something of the matter "and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they did not." For his own part, he said he could as well have talked Celtic or Slavonian as astronomy and they would have understood him fully as well. They became parties to the deceit. They would not betray ignorance upon a subject as to which he credited them with abounding knowledge. Thus they reformed the calendar.

Kodol will in a very short time enable the stomach to do the work it should do, and the work it should do is to digest all the food you eat. When the stomach can't do it Kodol does it for it and in the meantime the stomach is getting stronger and able to take up its regular natural work again. Kodol digests all you eat. It makes the stomach sweet and it is pleasant to take. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

RAT CATCHERS.

One of the Methods by Which They Make Big Hauls.

"Rat catchers, like horse tamers, try to make a mystery of their trade," said a zoo keeper.

He pointed toward the large gray rats [illegible] about the corners of the [illegible] house.

"That they can't mystify me in any place of the [illegible]," he went on. "Living as I do, surrounded by an army of the largest, finest rats, I know the animals too thoroughly. I could set up as a successful rat catcher tomorrow.

"This is the way the men work. They go to the infested place late at night with a pair of tongs, a powerful lantern and a lot of bags.

"They walk softly about in the darkness, and they make a low, chattering, whistling noise, like this."

At the sound all the rats in the corners of the big room looked at the keeper inquiringly. He went on:

"This is the signal whereby a rat tells his mates that he has hit on good feeding. That sound made in the dark gathers rats as molasses gathers flies. The catcher, having made it, opens his strong lantern, the rats are dazed by the light, and he picks them up with his tongs and drops them in his bag.

"Of course there are other ways to catch rats, but of the secret, mysterious ones this is the best."—Exchange.

A CEYLON PLAGUE.

The Land Leeches Are Worse Than the Snakes or Mosquitoes.

It is nearly always the case that exceedingly beautiful countries are overrun by different kinds of pests. Beautiful Ceylon has mosquitoes said to be the most adroit and audacious in the world and snakes and a thousand more plagues of poor human beings, but the worst of them all is a species of leech. The Ceylon land leech is a thin creature about two inches long and very nimble and flexible. It will crawl up a man's leg and, traveling underneath the clothing, will climb as high as the throat. These leeches do not crawl like the leeches that are known to medicine, but rear themselves up on their tails to watch for prey and walk off to attack it with amazing rapidity. In walking through the jungle hosts of them may be seen by the roadside, where they wait to victimize cattle. Horses, it is said, are driven half wild by them, as also are palanquin bearers and coolies, whose bare legs are their favorite resort, the men's hands being too engaged to pull them off. The leeches may be seen hanging round their ankles, from which tiny trickles of blood run over the feet.—London Standard.

Paid Up.

A year or two ago the son of a prominent banker of Iowa undertook, with all the freshness and confidence of youth, the launching of a new morning paper in a town already well supplied with newspapers.

It was understood by his friends that the young man had, in fact, started his enterprise on "a shoestring"—a few hundred dollars advanced by his father. So it was with much facetiousness that the youthful proprietor and editor was approached from day to day by the aforesaid friends. "So you call yourself an editor?" exclaimed one of them, with affected contempt.

"Of course I do," returned the brash young owner. "I'm the whole thing on this paper. And I don't owe a cent therefor."

"Everybody knows," continued his tormentor, "that you got $200 from your father to start the thing."

"Sure!" said the proprietor and editor. "Furthermore, the old man's subscription for the [illegible] is marked paid a hundred years ahead on my books."

Long Flights of Birds.

Birds of passage make their longest flight somewhere near Bering strait. A naturalist says that probably the longest continuous flight made by the feathered travelers in their peregrinations is accomplished by some of the shore and water birds that nest in the islands of Bering sea and spend the winter at Hawaii and Fanning island, 2,200 miles away. As some of the birds live entirely on the shore and are probably unable to rest on the surface of the water, they must accomplish the whole distance in a single flight, yet they make their way to their destination with absolute precision.—Chicago Tribune.

Cheese Crackers.

Cheese crackers are better when made the day they are to be eaten. Use American grated cheese and saltine crackers. For each two tablespoonfuls allow one of creamed butter, rubbing them together till perfectly smooth. Spread evenly on the wafers and set them in a moderate oven to glaze the cheese. Watch carefully to prevent burning. There is nothing nicer to serve with a plain salad.—New York Post.

No School.

The teacher was giving an exposition on culpable homicide.

"If I went out in a small boat," he said, "and the owner knew it was leaking and I got drowned, what would that be?"

After a few minutes' silence a little boy stood up and said:

"A holiday, sir."

An Invitation.

Fred—Last night as you stood in the moonlight I couldn't help but think how much I would like to kiss you.

Freda—Well, the poet says, "The thought of yesterday is the action of today."

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Three Girls and a Bungalow.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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The three girls—Florence, Molly and Edith—began talking up that bungalow in January, and long enough before the first April shower they had all their plans perfected. It was to be a unique and romantic summer outing. Florence's father owned a farm on the bay. A frame house had been erected for the tenant, and an old log house stood vacant in a romantic spot. It was, as Florence informed her two girl chums, a dear, lovely, sweet, just too-nice-for-anything old log house. It would make such a bungalow as could not be found for twenty miles up and down the coast.

On the hill forty rods back of the log house was the new dwelling, occupied by Farmer Jones, his good, fat wife and his lean son Jacob. The girls would take their meals there and have no cooking or dishwashing to do. When they wanted to roast clams and potatoes they could build a fire on the shore.

Just three girls and no crowds, no dressing for dinner, no keeping the hair curled; just three girls, boating, fishing and swinging in their hammocks and cantering o'er the dewy grass in the morning; no cards, no bouquets, no flirtations; the fat Mrs. Jones for chaperon, the lean Jacob to run errands, old Jones to drive into the village once a week after kerosene and baking powder and their mail—the very thought of it produced thrills.

Well, it all came about. They went down early in July to remain for two months. Word had been sent to Jones that they wished to rough it and that he must not remove any of the romance. He obeyed orders. He built three rude bunks, put in an old table and three chairs and furnished a lamp. There were a few panes of glass in the windows, and he did not add to the number; there were a few holes in the roof, and he did not cover them; there was half an acre of pigweeds around the house, and he did not mow them down. Mr. Jones was romantic himself and appreciated the sentiment in others.

The outing started off with "How charming!" "How ideal!" and "How very romantic!" Then the three girls got their heads together and took a solemn vow. It was that they would remain until the very last day of August and that in the interval they would not encourage any young man to address them—any young man except Jacob, from whom they learned that young men came that way at intervals to fish in the bay.

The bungalow was a success from the start. On the first night it rained, and the water dripped down through a dozen leaks; on the second night a cow came and put her head through one of the windows to see what strange cattle had arrived and taken possession; on the third an owl alighted on the rooftree and uttered three whoops, and they were followed by three exclamations of "Murder!" "Police!" and "Help!"

On the fourth day Jacob appeared with a pitcher of buttermilk and some startling news. He had discovered a young man had gone into camp a short quarter of a mile away. He had with him a tent, a boat, plenty of provisions and cooking utensils. It looked as if he intended to stay right there all summer. Jacob had entered the young man's camp and asked him to please move two miles farther up or down. The young man had glared at him and kept on reading a volume of poetry. The news created intense excitement at once. An indignation meeting was at once called, and it was resolved "that the young man has got to go and that we wait upon him in a body and tell him so."

Jacob bravely offered his help, but it was declined. "The body" marched straight for the enemy's camp, each face wearing a look of determination. The enemy was sitting down smoking a pipe, but on their arrival he rose up and doffed his cap and stood at respectful attention. Miss Florence was spokesman, and after a slight shiver she announced:

"Sir, this is my father's property, and you are a trespasser. I have to request that you kindly go away."

"But it happens to be my property," replied the stranger, with a smile. "Your father's farm ends at the creek there."

"But—but we are three girls, sir."

The young man bowed to the three in turn.

"And we have a bungalow and do not wish to be disturbed."

"I shall take great pleasure in not disturbing you."

"But can't you understand, sir, that we are on our vacation and don't want any men around?"

"Sorry, young ladies—extremely sorry—but I am on my vacation and don't want any females around. I will agree to keep my distance if you will keep yours. I have camped here for the past three years on account of this spring."

The delegation walked back to the bungalow without a word. Then the meeting was called to order again, and Miss Florence asked what further steps were deemed necessary to rid themselves of the presence of the impudent intruder.

"Why, if it's his land he has a right there, hasn't he?" ingenuously queried Molly.

"And I didn't expect to see such a good looking young man," sighed Edith.

"Are you girls going to turn traitor?" demanded the chairman in indignant tones. "He may be good looking, and he may be on his own land, but he's no gentleman. A gentleman would have consented to move his camp even ten miles if kindly requested by three girls who were camping by themselves. If he thinks we are going away instead he'll find himself very much mistaken. We must snub him on every possible occasion."

When Farmer Jones was appealed to he said he guessed the young man was within his rights. When young Jacob was told the result of the call at his camp he offered to go over and chuck the intruder into the bay and hold him there, but wiser counsel prevailed, and the bungalow once more settled down to peace and romance. Not for long, however.

After breakfast two mornings later Florence went down to the shore for a row to find the boat missing. The tide had floated it off during the night. As she stood there wondering about tides and skiffs and intruders the young man of the camp came rowing up in his own boat and towing the missing craft. He leaped ashore, raised his cap and drew the skiff upon the sands. Then he entered his own craft without a word and rowed away.

At dinner that evening Mrs. Jones proudly placed a dish of fried squirrels on the table. The girls welcomed it with little screams of delight. Miss Florence had half finished her dinner when she remembered having seen the intruder with a gun on his shoulder in the edge of the woods that afternoon. She suddenly lost her appetite and whispered to the girl on either hand:

"You may bow your neck to the tyrant's yoke if you will, but as for me—never!"

"But such a deep, rich voice as he has!"

"And such eyes and teeth!"

At the breakfast next morning there was excellent fish on the table—fish caught that morning, as Mrs. Jones proudly announced. The girls "pitched in," but after five minutes Miss Florence refused further fish. It came to her like a flash that the impudent intruder must have furnished the supply. She looked at her chums in cold disdain, but Miss Molly clasped her hands and rolled her eyes.

"Oh, I knew he must be a gentleman the first moment I set eyes on him."

"And how terrible it would have been had we driven him away from here," added Edith.

They were traitors to the cause, but their conduct only made Florence the firmer in her determination. Fate knows when to mind her own business and when to interfere with that of others. In this case she held off for a couple of weeks. Miss Florence went out crabbing by herself. She planned to be by herself so as to snub the intruder if he came within ten rods of her.

It is useless to speculate on how a girl and a boat get upset on bay, lake or river. They do, and things all there is about it. Florence was after the biggest crab of the century when she suddenly found herself sinking down to a watery grave. She didn't know when the intruder came rushing down in his skiff and leaped overboard to her rescue. She didn't know when she was carried ashore and up to the Joneses' house. When she did recover she heard sobs and sighs all around her, and as she tried to sit up she heard Molly exclaim:

"Oh, goody, goody! She will live! He has saved her life!"

"And if she doesn't marry him she's an ungrateful wretch!" added Edith. "Why, we've known for two whole days that he was a son of Senator Blake and one of the nicest young men in the world!"

Job Still Open.

The proprietor of a London restaurant advertised for a cook. The first to apply for the berth appeared to be in every way suitable. But before engaging him the restaurant keeper inquired if he could give him a tip for the 2.30 race.

The cook's eyes brightened. He whispered a "dead cert," and mentioned that he had 5 shillings on the horse himself. That was enough. The proprietor gave him a lecture on the evils of betting and showed him the door. As he went out he saw another man about to enter.

"Are you going to apply for the job?" he asked. "Well, if you are asked if you know anything about racing, say you can't tell a Derby winner from a coster's donkey."

The man took the advice, was engaged and commenced his duties. Presently the proprietor rushed to the speaking tube and yelled to the new cook:

"Calf's head one!"

Instantly the reply came:

"Did he, by George? What was second and third?"

The Chinese Waiter.

The chief glory of the average Chinese inn is the waiter. This indispensable functionary is the guardian of all your interests for the time being, and when you are not looking he dives into secrets and matters of your own that seem to amuse and enlighten him to your inconvenience and annoyance. Like his confreres in other and more enlightened countries, he hardly ever separates himself from the inevitable napkin, but his badge of waitership is a very practical article with him. With it in summer he mops his damp brow or bare shoulders, while in winter, wrapped about his head, it protects him from rain and wind. The Chinese waiter's napkin is put to all kinds of uses besides those just mentioned. It is used as a dishcloth, a mop with which to wipe the floor, a cloth for cleaning and wiping down tables and a duster. But Chinese landlords are very reasonable in their charges, which in a measure compensate for the unpleasantness of living in their inns.

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—[illegible] E. Belt, Smethport.
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Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
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Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
NELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
[illegible] Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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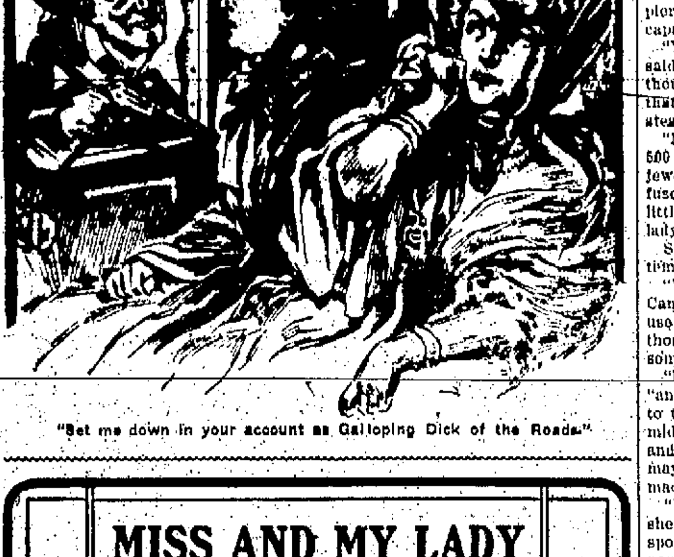


"Set me down in your account as Galloping Dick of the Roads."

MISS AND MY LADY

A DICK RYDER TALE

By H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

THERE are few people that can truly say they have tricked Dick Ryder, and fewer still can say that in the end he did not wriggle out of his predicament (whatsoever it might be) and turn the the tables on them. Yet of those, one, I will confess, was a woman, and a woman I had eyes for—though I am not fool enough to cast my wits away even for a woman. I have always admired spirit in the sex, but there is a point at which it degenerates into vice, and of such shrews or vixens, I wish any man joy. They are good to be beat if you be so inclined, but for myself I have never taken up stick, lash or fist against any woman, and never would so long as I am free of the topsman.

The adventure happened when I was by Maidstone in the summer of 1665, coming up from Dover very merry. I had ridden round from Deal and laying at the Crown in Dover the night before, and I warrant I had made the peoples of the inn open their eyes with what tales I told of Court and old Rowley and affairs of state.

I pulled out of Dover pretty late, and with a parting wave of my hand at as sweet a kinchiewinkey as I have seen, I started on the London road in good temper and good fettle. But ere I had gone a mile or so, I came up with a little fat, slack fellow that had been at the inn and had listened agog to my tales. It was, "Lord, sir, say you so?" and "Bless me, I would not ha' believed it!" and then again, "Save us, what shall we hear next?" Well, this little black man, as it seemed, was steward, or factotum, or what-ye-may-call-it to my Lady Dane, who, also, as it seemed, had lain at Dover over night, having crossed in a packet from France and was on her way to Winchester by Ryegate and Guildford. The fellow was not given to talking, but more to listening, with his "bless me-s," but he was a simple rustic, and you may fancy that I led him on so that he opened his mouth as wide as my ears. For this Lady Dane was a rich widow (so he said), and, moreover, a woman that was greatly besought in marriage by many suitors of all degrees, "and both for her looks and her money. 'Tis not I that would blame any man that saw his chance to seize beauty and booty alike together. 'Tis the worst of it that they generally go singly—at least, to judge by what I have seen of fine ladies. Well, says the little black man, my Lady Dane was on a journey to her home on the Itchin in the company of her niece, that was daughter to the late Sir Philip's brother, and be was going afore to prepare for them at Maidstone, as they were not yet started. It seemed that my lady had property in Maidstone, and was for giving a water-fountain to the town in her kindness.

"My lady," says he puffing himself out, "rises late like any lady of the court."

"Why," said I, "she must be a rare fine woman—that she must, from your accounts. I would like to clap eyes on her, so that I might compass her with the beauties;" for he was the most obsequious in praise of his mistress that ever you heard, and vexed my soul. "And the niece," says I, "would be pretty handsome too."

"The niece!" says he, with a gesture of contempt, waving his hands in a foreign way in imitation of what he had seen in France, and thus nearly falling off his nag. "Oh! the niece is well enough," says he, and shook his head with a knowing look. "She would do pretty well; but not in a capital, not in Paris or London, where there is need always of the most elegant style. You, sir, with your knowledge of cities know that. You have the air."

It tickled me to see the little fool a-sitting uneasily on his big horse, with his toes cocked out on each side, looking for all the world like a radish that would split as he bobbed and bounced up and down on the saddle, and mimicking foreign airs and tongues and manners as if it were natural to him. But I kept a grave face until I had gotten out of him what I wanted, by which time 'twas late in the afternoon (for we had ridden together all the way), and we were within ten miles of Maidstone. So I bade him good-bye and good luck, and, turning the mare up a lane, left him to pursue his way to Maidstone alone. But a mile or so along the lane, I pitched on a wayside tavern, where I took leave to rest and refresh the mare and myself while waiting: for, from what I had gathered from the steward, the lady would make no start before 12, in which case she would be in Maidstone at least before six. So there I sat and waited, with never a companion, and not even a serving girl to clack tongues with. A little before six I rode down and came into Maidstone highway near to Leeds Castle, where the moat was shining in the declining sun, and the pastures spread very ample and green to the heights beyond. I waited there for an hour in a convenient copse, and in the end got very tired.

"D—me!" says I with a yawn, "this Mother Beauty has overslept herself for certain, and will save her jewels after all;" for I was in no mood to wait until the next day for the chance, being due in London. It was near upon twilight, and I was for cursing myself as a fool to attend upon the whims of a woman, when there was the sounds in the distance of rumbling wheels, and I pulled Calypso out and waited by the grassy borders of the road.

'Twas not long before the chaise came up, rolling in a dignified way down the hill and speaking of wealth and consideration in every spoke and appointment. There was the coachman with his fellow beside him, and two spirited horses, and, if you please, by the lackey was a huge and bell-mouthed blunderbuss, like a brass viol. I could ha' yelled for laughter at the sight of it and their brave preparations. Rip me! what a formidable array it was, with two gallant fellows in livery all ready to blow the soul out of such as Galloping Dick and his kidney! Why, the first time I ever clapped peepers on 'em I could see there was no fight in them. So I put the mare right across the way and waited. The twilight was come now, and the coachman called out to me to stand aside.

"Are you drunk?" says he, as he draws up of necessity.

"No," says I, "I am only a poor fellow that's thirsty and tired of waiting on you, and would like to be drunk," says I.

"'Tis a wayman," shouted t'other lackey, and pulled up his blunderbuss. But I put the point of my sword in his wrist, and he dropped it with a howl.

"What's this?" now cried a voice from the interior of the chaise; and, pushing the mare to the window I looked in. There was the lady sure enough of whom the little fat man had spoke; and he had been right about her looks, for in her anger she was right handsome. But her companion, that was the niece, according to the steward, was by no means what he had suggested, being a tall girl of delicate beauty with a gentle kindness in her eye. My lady was in a storm of anger.

"Who are you?" she said furiously.

"Why," said I, "I know not if 'tis of consequence to your ladyship to discover who it is or who it isn't that rumpads you, so long as you be rumpadded; but if it be of any convenience to you, why, set me down in your account as Galloping Dick of the Roads, and debit me with what you will," says I.

"You would rob me?" said she, looking at me sharply, and, as I could see, controlling herself with an effort.

"Your ladyship has a mind that flies direct to the point," says I, politely; "I call miss in witness to its quickness. Never so much as a word have I spoken afore you out with your guess. 'You would rob me,' says you. Why, d—me! I will not deny a lady."

She looked at me in doubt for a moment, as if she would count me up, and then it was that I got my first idea of her quality, for her gaze pierced me through, and there was capacity in her very bearing.

"You would rob a poor woman?" said she next, in a softer voice. "I thought it 'twas fat bloated purses that you gentlemen of the road would steal."

"No," says I, "I take nothing under 500 guineas, and if there be some jewels to crown the pile I will not refuse them"—for this, I knew from the little fat fool's talk, was what her ladyship carried.

She bit her lips but still kept her temper.

"Will nothing make you give up? Cannot I persuade you in any way to use me decently? Lord forgive you, I thought that the highwayman had some sense of gallantry."

"By the Lord!" said I, promptly, "and if there is any huff that says 'no' to that, I would run him through the midriff. We are no money-weasels and least of all Dick Ryder. And maybe that name is known to you, madam," said I.

"Why, I have heard it sure," says she eagerly. "And those that have spoken of you have given you a good name, for a brave and chivalrous fellow."

"I have a good repute, and that widely," said I, for 'twas true enough, and maybe she had heard of my adventure with Old Rowley and the Duchess of Cleveland, in which I played a pretty figure.

"I am always glad to meet a famous man," said she.

"No more than I a handsome lady," said I. "And to show how deeply I am in earnest I will forego half the account and all the jewels for a salutation from miss there."

To say the truth I had enjoyed my bout with the lady, and was disposed to be lenient with her for all her airs and sharpness. But the sight of the niece's eyes of a sudden warmed me and excited me; for she was looking at me gently—with an odd expression of interest and of wonder, and her bosom rose and fell swiftly. You may guess that that set it on a swifter ebb and tide.

"What d'ye mean?" asked her ladyship.

"I am a gentleman-adventurer," said I, "and, d—me! I will not deny my calling; 'tis efficient at the least. But if miss there will permit me the salutation, rip me! you shall go scot-free."

At that, miss shrank into a corner, all the expression fled from her face, which was white and stark. But my lady turns on her.

"Hear you that, Celia?" says she. "Kiss and let us get on; since this gallant gentleman must have already delayed himself overlong."

"You are right," said I. "'Tis a scurvy long time since I ha' been waiting here."

"If you haste not, Celia," says she, very frosty in tone, "the gentleman will be getting impatient—as well he may, seeing your pale beauty."

Now this (for 'twas nothing but a sneer) set me against her, the girl, being mightily more handsome than herself and of a fine frailty, but I said nothing, only looked at miss, who seemed she would have withered out of the chaise.

"Celia!" cried her ladyship, sharply.

"You—you must be jesting, madam. You cannot mean it," says miss in a low voice. "I have stood much from you, but this insult—"

But my lady broke in, "You will do what I say," she said harshly; "I command you."

"I will not," says t'other. "Indeed madam, I may not. Ask me not so to violate myself."

Upon that her ladyship turned about. "Hark ye," she said, and whispered in her ear, and upon that, observing her to wince, she said aloud, "What, d'ye hesitate, when 'tis spare 500 guineas and some odd jewels, including your own?"

"I—I value not mine, madam," says miss, trembling.

"Well, there is mine," said she, "and if they be of not much marketable value, there is a higher value I put upon them, since they were given me by your dear uncle. You shall save them."

But, Lord! I am a pretty judge of jewels, and she was lying; for there was more worth in her jewels far than in her guineas. But I said nothing, only listened, to hear what miss would answer.

She hesitated, and her ladyship made a peremptory gesture. "Why, 'tis cheap enough," said she, sardonically. Miss still hesitated, and then as it seemed, on a rap from her ladyship, very white of face and drawn, leaned across to the window. I saw the large eyes gleam in the faint light, and they were like pools at even in which the stars do set; but her lips were trembling. "I have never bought jewels so cheap," says my lady with her sneer, thinking, no doubt, that the bargain was struck now, and the act consummated.

"No!" says I; "I kiss no maid against her will. Fetch forth the pieces and the toys, my lady."

Miss fell back, still white, and I saw something leap in her eye. She put her handkerchief before her face and sobbed.

"D—me!" says I roughly. "Out with the goldfinches, or must I make bold to help myself from ye? There is too much prattle here, and I have delayed long enough."

The lady had gone red with anger and moved her arm as though she would have struck someone in her fury; but suddenly containing herself, and considering, as I must suppose, that would put no embargo on the guineas and the diamonds, she says, says she—

"If my niece will not save my jewels at the price, I, at any rate, will save hers." And she leaned softly towards me.

Now in a flash I saw what she intended, and how she would go any length to preserve her property. She gave me but a poor thought of her for a basely avaricious woman with no pretensions of honor.

"No," says I, "there is no talk of miss' jewels. What she may have she may keep. I war not on pretty girls. And as for yours, madam, there's nothing will save 'em no, split me, there isn't!"

She fell quite white, as I could see even in the gloom, and for a perceptible moment hesitated. 'Twas then, I suppose, that she made up her mind, casting this way and that desperately for a way out.

"Well," said she, in a muffled voice, "I cry you mercy. Here's what ye are wanting!" And she flung her bag at me; and with her fingers, that trembled, undid the necklet she wore and handed it to me.

"Come, that's the mood in which to take reverses," says I cheerfully, "I warrant there's more where these came from, and more behind them, for I should think shame to rob the last jewel from a neck that so becomes 'em." This I said by way of consolation for her vanity, if that were touched at my previous refusal. But she said nothing to that; only put her head nearer and addressed me with a chastened voice—

"Look ye, captain, I think you be a hard man, but not so hard as you may seem. I ask not for myself, as you've taken all I have, but for my niece here, who has had the privilege of your benevolence to retain what she has. You have said your name is Ryder, and I will believe you. 'Tis nothing to me now if it be Ryder, or Creech."

"Creech!" says I, for I knew Dan Creech well, and had, indeed, been in some surprises with him.

"Yes, Creech!" said she, looking me steadily in the face. "I was warned of a ruffian named Creech that would haunt this road to Maidstone."

"Well, Creech," said I, "will reap nothing from bare acres."

"No," said she, "save from my niece."

And there she spoke truly enough, as I saw; for if Creech was on that road (and maybe he was), I knew him better than to suppose he would be content with their asseverations. He would rummage and overhaul, would Creech, and there was never gold or farding would escape Danny's notice, not if 'twas as pitch black as midnight.

"As you have been so generous," said my lady, "I thought that maybe you would go further, and save my niece from robbery and me from further needless alarms. It seems to me, though I may be prejudiced, that you owe me that at least."

I thought on that for a moment, and—well! I had not spared miss to let her fall a victim later; so says I—

"You mean that I shall give you my protection?"

"I see that you are quick of your wits," said she, speaking evenly now, and not with any irony apparent.

"Done!" says I. "I will conduct ye two within a mile of Maidstone, and you shall go secure, I'll swear to that."

"Will ye not be afraid to venture so closely?" asked she.

"I will conduct ye up to the doors of Maidstone," said I. "I'll see you safe within the precincts."

"Spoken like a brave knight of the roads," said her ladyship, and lay back in her seat. "And now, perhaps you will be good enough to bid my coachman to drive on."

There was something in her tones which should have given me pause even then; if I had been less pleased with myself.

We had got near by Maidstone, within three miles, and the twilight had thickened into dark. There was never a soul upon the lonely road for you may conceive that I kept a sharp eye, not only for Danny, if he should be about as was possible, but also, lest my lady should play any trick on me by the way. But I was not much afraid of that, as I knew there was nothing between us and Maidstone save a few scattered cottages and an insignificant village or two, which I would have warranted to scare with a blank charge. So when we were, as I say, within three miles of the town her ladyship put out her head and called to me.

"See you," said she, "there is the town drawing near and you expose yourself in the front. It will serve if you ride behind and be for your better safety, captain."

"Why," said I, "what the deuce do I mind of riding before or behind! There's nothing will take me, and I will fetch ye into Maidstone, as I have said."

"Well, captain," said she with a laugh, "I will confess it was not wholly your safety that moved me, which is not strange in the circumstances; but I should feel more secure myself were my escort in the rear, from which side it is more likely any assault would be made."

"I came at you in the front," said I.

"Ah! Capt. Ryder is Capt. Ryder," said she, beaming, "and was not afraid of my blunderbusses and my rascals. But conceived a less brave and straightforward adventurer that sees not only the blunderbusses and lackeys, but a gallant swordsman to boot in front. 'Tis surely from the rear that such a one would attack!"

"Oh, well," said I, indifferently, "afore or behind matters nothing. You will have no assault while Dick Ryder's sign-manual is on you, and that's his toasting-fork."

And so I fell behind as she wished, and we proceeded. It was true enough, what she said, that the body of the coach would protect me from any eyes in front, and that I could make off more easily from the rear; but, Lord love you! I had no thought of that; and if I had been thinking of it, it might have occurred to me, being in the van, I could see more plainly into what we were running than if I were in the rear. And sure enough, that came near my undoing, for we had not gone two miles further, and were still some way out of the town bounds, when the coach suddenly pulled up before a tavern in a little village thereby, of which I cannot recall the name. We had passed several of these, and, as I have said I cared not two straws for them, and so I was mildly exercised in my mind at this unexpected stoppage, and, coming to myself, moved the mare slowly round t'other side of the coach to see what was forward.

"If she is thirsty," said I to myself, "she shall drink, and if it came to that I was thirsty myself. And I was ready to hold up the inkeeper with a pistol-butt while we all drank a draught to our better acquaintance and miss' eyes, maybe. But as I came round I was suddenly aware of a small crowd of people, some wearing uniform, armed with halberds and lanthorns, and in the middle a short, important gentleman with a paper in his hand. I had no sooner made this discovery than her ladyship shrieked out very loud—

"Seize that man, he is a highwayman!"

At that, all alert, I pulled Calypso round and put my heels into her flanks, but there was a bank of people before me in that quarter and the chaise to one side and the tavern t'other, and ere I could draw half a dozen hands were on the mare, and two that was in the throng had their pistols on the level.

There was I taken, netted like any duck in a decoy for certain, and with no prospect of even a struggle for the number against me was great. I saw that in the twinkling of an eye, and so sat still, making no effort to escape.

"What is this?" said I loudly. "Hands off, sirrah! Do you dare arrest an innocent man? Who is in authority here, and what's his foolish name?" said I.

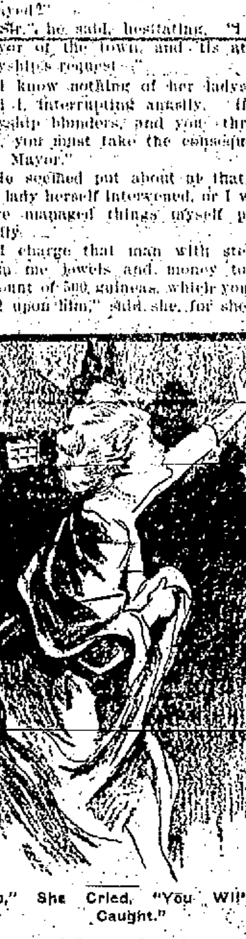
At that the short man came forward, and I saw that he wore a long gown, laced with some sort of fleece. "Who are you?" I asked, assuming the most haughty, arrogant air, "and under what pretence is a gentleman that is on the king's business arrested and delayed?"

"Sir," he said, hesitating, "I am mayor of the town, and 'tis at her ladyship's request—"

"I know nothing of her ladyship," said I, interrupting angrily. "If her ladyship blunders, and you through her, you must take the consequence, Mr. Mayor."

He seemed put about at that, but my lady herself intervened, or I would have managed things myself pretty easily.

"I charge that man with stealing from me jewels and money to the amount of 500 guineas, which you will find upon him," said she, for she was now out of the coach and standing in the road amongst them all.



"Go," She Cried, "You Will Be Caught."

"Yes, your ladyship," says the mayor anxiously; "it shall be attended to."

"Well, some one shall smart for this," said I, "ere many days are out."

"And my witness," pursued her ladyship calmly, "sits in the coach, and is my late husband's niece."

"Oh, a witness," says Mr. Mayor, brightening up.

"To say nothing of my two fellows," she ended.

With that I saw it was all up, for she was not one to lose her head, and with that plain issue before the mayor, he could not blunder very far. So I said nothing more, but sat in the clutches of the officers cudgeling my wits for a way out.

"Celia," says she, "is this the man that attacked us upon the road and stole my jewels?"

"I—I cannot discern very well, 'tis dark," stammered miss, and rip me! I blessed the chit for that reluctance though 'twas useless as it happened, for says her ladyship—

"Nonsense, baggage!" she says, "you can see quite plain. You are a coward, that's what it is. Here, James and Joshua, what say you—is this the villain?"

Whereupon the lackeys both swore with one voice that it was I, and that I had attacked them brutally; and says one that I had put a bullet near his leg; whereas it was his own silly blunderbuss that he dropped.

"That is sufficient, my lady," says the mayor, looking very pompous, and to that added what gave me the clue as to the unexpected trap. 'Twas nothing more or less than that little toad the fat steward, who, for all his gabble and talk, had forgot to say that the mayor of Maidstone was to come forth to meet her ladyship in state, in token of gratitude for favors to the townfolk. 'Twas along of that fountain that it seems, and I cursed the little fat fool in my heart at that, being so garrulous, he had put a limit to his tongue. But at the same time I could not but admire her ladyship's admirable skill and cunning. Sink me! she was a wonder with her quickness, so to contrive to drag me into the trap. But these considerations availed me nothing, and I will confess that I saw no road of escape, though I am far from saying that I was beaten or that some notion would not have come to me later. Why, I have broke out of Newgate jug in the face of all. Yet this is what happened in the thick of this talk and confusion, and, even while the throng pressed upon me and my captors, suddenly a voice cried out from the coach.

"There is the other, seize him—there he goes, on the right there!" This was miss' voice, as I recognized, though I was amazed and for the time did not pick up my wits. But in a second all was uproar.

"Who d'ye mean? What is it, you baggage?" cried out her ladyship.

"Seize him!—there he goes!" cries miss again, leaping from the coach in a state of excitement; and to her ladyship: "Why the other, my lady!—the man that assisted—Creech, was it not?"

In an instant I saw how it was and what she intended, and I believe her ladyship, in her quickness, saw it just after me; for in the confusion the throng swayed, and some ran this way, and others that and there my two jailers gaping in the darkness like moping owls.

'Twas but the work of a moment to wrench free an arm from one and deliver the other a rap with a pistol on his skull; and at the same time I wheeled Calypso about a third that stood there in the wind. The three thus scattered, with a whistle to the mare I dropped low in the saddle, and breaking out of the circle thundered down the road at a gallop, while all behind me arose cries and shouts, and above all her ladyship's shrill voice, screaming with fury.

I rode till I reached the first turning on the left, and then went up a back lane for some distance; after which I paused and listened. Sounds still came to me, sailing on the night, and I stood awhile chuckling to think how deeply her ladyship was cursing, and how smartly I had evaded her. And upon that comes the thought of miss.

"Why," thinks I, "she's a heart o' gold, is miss; and that wild cat will be flying in her face with claws;" and, the devil being in me, as I said, all through that business, I turned about and came back into the road.

I jogged along comfortably until I was within a hundred yards of the inn, and here was the same confusion that I had left.

"What's this?" said I to a fellow that passed me.

"Oh," says he, "'tis a highwayman that has robbed a lady and is got off."

"Stab me!" says I, "what fools these traps be!" and I moved on, until I came by the coach, where I stood in the darkness.

I heard her ladyship's voice coming out of the inn, and still angry, and there was several in the roadway, but the traps had vanished, and, I make no doubt, were looking for me busily. As I stood there thinking, some one comes from t'other side of the chaise, and I saw it was miss. At the same time she saw me and started.

"What do you here?" she asked tremulously.

"Why," says I, "I am a-looking anxiously for a tobyman that has wickedly robbed a lady."

"Go," she cried, "you will be caught. They will be back directly."

"No," said I, "I am not the man to leave other people with my burdens."

"What do you mean?" said she after a pause.

"There is her ladyship," said I, "and there is yourself."

"Oh, I am well used to deal with her ladyship," she said, a little bitterly. "You need be in no alarm."

"Well, 'tis I shall deal with her ladyship this time," said I.

"You are mad!" said she. "Go—go—I hear them coming!"

"No," says I.

"Oh, go," she pleaded anxiously. "If you stay you will do me no good, and yourself all harm. I think you are bewitched to stay."

With that I looked at her, and though I could not see her very clearly in the small light, I vow she was mightily pretty. I suppose 'twas the devil in me moved me, or maybe it was only her beauty; but, at any rate, said I—

"If I may have now what I denied myself on the road there, I will go," said I.

She drew herself straight, and I could see her under lip quiver.

"Sir," she said; "I know you to be a highwayman; at least, let me think you are a gentleman."

"D—me!" says I bluntly, for I was taken back at this. "No one shall say that I am no gentleman, for I am that afore everything else." And so, with a big congee in my stirrups I turned and left her.

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A Rhymed Wedding.

According to the Mexico Ledger, John Stoble, a Wellston magistrate, united a negro couple with this ceremony:

Jim, will you take Bet
Without any regret
To love and to cherish
Till one of you perish
And is laid under the sod,
So help you God?

Jim having given the usual affirmative answer, Judge Stoble turned to Bet:

Bet, will you take Jim
And cling to him,
Both out and in,
Through thick and thin,
Holding him to your heart,
Till death do you part?

Bet modestly acquiesced, and the newly married couple were dismissed with this benediction:

Through life's alternative joy and strife
I now pronounce you man and wife.
Go up life's hill till you get to the level
And salute your bride, you dusky devil!

Made Over Prescriptions.

"There is one loss sustained by druggists that very few people know about," said the experienced clerk. "That is in the prescriptions that have to be made over, the same as clerks, stenographers, writers and artists, no matter how painstaking, frequently have to do their work over. The most careful drug clerk in existence is bound to make mistakes sometimes in measuring and mixing. He may pour in too much of some kind of liquid or sift in too much of a certain powder. In most cases the overdose would not really affect the value of the medicine, but the conscientious clerk isn't going to take any chances on murdering anybody, so he throws away the whole mixture and makes up another prescription."—New York Globe.

History In July.

In at least four countries perhaps the most important event in their histories was recorded in July—namely, the establishment of their independence. In our own history we have the memorable Fourth of July, while the patriotic efforts of the liberator Simon Bolivar for the independence of Venezuela were consummated on July 5. Colombia ridding herself of the Spanish yoke on July 20. Then there is France, with her July 14, marking the date when the suffering French people stormed the famed and fearsome Bastille. The Spanish forces at Santiago, Cuba, capitulated on July 16.

Art Improvement.

Mrs. De Riche (showing her home to Mrs. Windfall)—What do you think of my Venus de Milo? Mrs. Windfall—Ain't it a shame how careless servants are! But couldn't you glue the arms on again?—Puck.

Had Time Enough.

Barber—Hair's going gray, sir. Little Blake—Expect it is. Haven't you nearly finished?

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1908,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post, on the east bank of Potato Creek; thence east one hundred and sixty-four and one-tenth perches; thence south fifty-one and five-tenths perches; thence one hundred forty-four and five-tenths perches to the creek; thence down the creek by the several courses and distances thereof to the place of beginning, being lot No. 100 of the allotment of Keating lands in Keating township and part of Warrant No. 4885 and 4881, containing fifty acres more or less.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house, one frame barn, one well of water, one orchard, mostly improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Carrie A. Orcutt, Adm'x of the estate of Catherine M. Orcutt, late of Keating township, Pa., and Carrie A. Orcutt, terre tenant, at the suit of Fred W. Brownell, Adm'r of the estate of Miller F. Stickles, &c.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiff's attorneys.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of land conveyed by A. M. Benton to the church; thence south sixty-nine (69) degrees west sixteen (16) perches to a post, the northwest corner of land conveyed to Samuel Cummings; thence by the Warrant line north twenty-seven (27) degrees west five (5) perches to the southwest corner of a lot of M. T. Rice; thence along the south line of said lot north sixty-nine (69) degrees east seventeen (17) rods to the southeast corner of said lot; thence by the line of the street south twenty-one (21) degrees east five (5) rods to the place of beginning. Containing eighty (80) square rods of land, be the same more or less.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. S. Tuttle at the suit of Mrs. Louisa Dolley

C. W. Catlin, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Beginning in the center of the road at a post standing in the south line of land conveyed by Keating et al. to Thomas Bennett lot No. 153; thence by said road south thirty-six and one-half degrees west, forty-three and six-tenths perches to a post corner; thence south one hundred and three perches to a beech corner standing in the north line of lot No. 154; thence west one hundred forty-five and four-tenths perches to a post corner of lot No. 60; thence north one hundred and thirty-eight perches to a post corner of land conveyed to Charles Bell lot No. 160; thence east one hundred seventy-one and six-tenths perches to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred twenty-seven and nine-tenths acres of land, strict measure, more or less, excepting about nine acres deeded to Wallace Vandermark, off the north end, and twenty five acres deeded to Mary Ann Daley as will appear of record.

Improved and having thereon, one frame dwelling house, 1 frame barn, several springs of water, about 40 acres cleared.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. E. Tull, Adm'r of the estate of Uriah T. Vandermark, and Diana Vandermark, his wife, late of Ceres township, Pa., defendant, and Thomas Franklin Daley, terre tenant, at the suit of John J. Roberts.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiff's attorneys.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3166, being lot No. 84 Greeves street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the south line of Greeves street two hundred (200) feet eastward from the southeast corner of Greeves and Hacker streets; thence by the said south line of Greeves street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) north seventy degrees east fifty (50) feet; thence by land now or formerly of Bissell Brothers south twenty degrees east one hundred eighty (180) feet; thence south seventy degrees west fifty feet; thence by land formerly of B. L. Campbell north twenty degrees west one hundred eighty (180) feet to the place of beginning. Containing nine thousand (9000) square feet more or less and being the same premises conveyed by Abraham Weiner, Executor of the last will and testament of Annie J. Weiner, deceased, to the said Fred L. Marvin by deed dated August 27th, 1901, and recorded in the office for the recording of deeds of McKean county in Deed Book Vol. 130, at page 606, etc. This conveyance is expressly made and accepted under and subject to all and singular the exceptions, reservations, conditions and restrictions in the said deed, or the deed from Elizabeth D. Kane, to said Annie J. Weiner for said premises, mentioned or contained, as the same, reference thereto being had, will more fully and at large appear.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Jacob Clingwood at the suit of M. & B. Schiever.

H. E. Shaffer, plaintiffs' attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all the following described real estate to-wit:—

First: All that certain piece, parcel of or lot land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being part of Warrant No. 3210, lot No. 20 Sedgwick street, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the south line of Sedgwick street; one hundred and sixty (160 ft.) eastward of the southeast corner of Sedgwick and Dawson streets; thence by the south line of Sedgwick street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) north seventy degrees east forty feet (N. 70 deg. E. 40 ft.) to the corner of the Planing Mill lot; thence by said Planing Mill lot south twenty degrees east about one hundred and ninety feet (S. 20 deg. E. abt. 190 ft.) to the southwest corner thereof, on the north line of old right of way of K. C. & K. R. R.; thence by said north line of right of way (ten feet from the center thereof) southwardly to a point on the east line of an alley parallel to Dawson street; thence by same north twenty degrees west about two hundred and thirty-five feet (N. 20 deg. W. abt. 235 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing eighty-five hundred square feet (8500) sq. ft. of land more or less. Subject to the reservations and restrictions in deed from Elizabeth D. Kane.

Second: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land on Sedgwick street, Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the south line of Sedgwick street two hundred feet (200) ft. eastward of the southeast corner of Sedgwick street and Dawson street; thence by the south line of Sedgwick street (thirty feet from the center thereof) north seventy degrees east one hundred and fifty-one feet (N. 70 deg. E. 151 ft.) to a post on the west line of right of way of K. C. & K. R. R.; thence by said line of right of way (ten feet from the center of track) southward about two hundred and forty-five feet (245 ft.) to a post; thence parallel to Dawson street north twenty degrees west about one hundred and ninety feet (N. 20 deg. W. abt. 190 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing 12835 square feet, more or less. Subject to the reservations and restrictions in deed from Elizabeth D. Kane.

Improved and having thereon, one one-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. H. Gibbons at the suit of H. E. Shaffer.

H. E. Shaffer, plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point at the southwest corner of lot No. 68 on Cole avenue as per map and survey of J. A. Seymour and running along the north side of said Cole avenue twenty-four and three-fourths (24 3/4) feet west; thence north at right angles with Cole avenue eighty-six and eight-tenths (86 8-10) feet; thence east on a line parallel with Cole avenue twenty-four and three-fourths (24 3/4) feet to the northwest corner of lot No. 68; thence south eighty-six and eight-tenths (86 8-10) feet to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 69 as per survey and map of J. A. Seymour surveyor, recorded in Recorder's Office of McKean County, Penn'a, June 21, 1895.

Improved and having thereon, one one-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ella Jones at the suit of John A. Fitzgibbon, Administrator.

Healy & Fitzgibbon, plaintiff's attorneys.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point at the southwest corner of land of McDonald; thence running westerly parallel with Pleasant street fifty feet to a point; thence northerly two rods to land of T. Warrick; thence easterly fifty feet, parallel with Pleasant street to land of McDonald; thence southerly parallel with the westerly line of McDonald land, two rods to the place of beginning, and being the same property conveyed to the party of the first part by M. J. Barlow, et. al., by Deed dated March 10th, 1891, and recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County, in Deed Book, Vol. 70, page 307, etc., and subject to the reservation contained in said deed. Also, all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the north side of Pleasant street at southeast corner of land deeded by M. J. Barlow and J. S. Barlow, her husband, and Moses Sullivan to Mary Mayo by Deed dated 20th of August, 1891, recorded in Deed Book, Vol. 70, page 323, etc.; thence running northerly one hundred feet parallel with Mayo's east line to a point in the south line of Wengstrom land; thence east parallel with said south line of Wengstrom fifty feet, more or less to an iron pin, to northwest corner of lands owned by John Canty thence southerly along the west line of said John Canty and Jessie Nelson lands one hundred feet to north line of Pleasant street; thence westerly parallel with north line of Pleasant street fifty-five feet more or less, to the place of beginning, and being the same property conveyed to party of the first part by Joseph Counsil and wife by Deed dated December 20th, 1897, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 92, page 500, etc., and subject to the reservations contained in said deed. Also, all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in Bradford City, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at an iron post at the northwest corner of Jessie Nelson lot, thirty-three (33) feet north from the north line of Pleasant street; thence northerly fifty-three (53) feet along the eastern line of Barlow & Sullivan's land to a point; thence easterly fifty-four (54) feet along Barlow & Sullivan's land and McGran lot to a point in the southwest corner of Smith lot; thence southeasterly along the west line of land of Smith and Dennis and Booth to an iron post in the southwest corner of Dennis & Booth lot; thence southerly along the westerly line of McDonald lot (sold by T. Warrick) twenty-nine and seventy five one-hundredths (29 75-100) feet to an iron post in the southwest corner of said McDonald lot; thence west parallel with Pleasant street along the north line of land of John Canty and Jessie Nelson eighty-nine (89) feet to the place of beginning; and being the same property conveyed to party of the first part by T. J. Warrick and wife by deed dated July 30th, 1895, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 84, page 213, &c., and subject to the reservations contained in said deed. Also, all the following certain piece of land situate in the city of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of land of T. J. Warrick three feet east of the northwest corner of lot now owned by John Canty; running thence east parallel to, and thirty-three feet from the north line of Pleasant street, thirty-five feet to a corner of lot sold by Warrick to Donald McDonald; thence northerly along said McDonald's west line twenty-nine and one-half feet to an iron pin in the easterly line of Warrick's lot; thence west parallel to Pleasant street twenty-nine and two-tenths feet; thence southerly twenty-nine and three-tenths feet to the place of beginning. Containing 926 1/2 square feet, and being the same property conveyed to party of the first part by Thomas J. Warrick, et. al., by Quit Claim deed dated January 20th, 1896, recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 81, page 371, &c., subject to the reservations contained in said Deed.

Improved and having thereon, Two two-story frame dwelling houses. One one and one-half story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Canty at the suit of Daniel J. Keavin, surviving partner, &c., et al.

Healy & Fitzgibbon and Brown, Schoonmaker & Ryan, Plaintiff's attorneys.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a post in the west line of High street nine hundred and eighty and eight-tenths (980.8) feet southerly from the point of intersection of the south line of Elm street and the said west line of High street, said post being the southeast corner of lot deeded to Mary McFarland; thence westerly at right angles with High street one hundred (100) feet to a point; thence southerly parallel with High street forty (40) feet to a point; thence easterly at right angles with High street one hundred (100) feet to a point in the west line of High street; thence northerly along the west line of High street forty (40) feet to the place of beginning, being the same land this day conveyed to said first party by Deed from Mary J. Anderson and husband.

Improved and having thereon One two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. Frances M. Rupie at the suit of George M. Hickman, Guardian, now for use of L. M. Wynkoop, Guardian.

James George, Plaintiff's attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 14, 1908.

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